

Brownell indictment of Truman

When President Eisenhower at his Armistice Day press conference said he did not concur in the subpoenaing of former President Truman by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the Harry Dexter White case, he was proposing a truce in a battle he either helped start or inadvertently let start. He disclaimed having told Attorney General Brownell on Nov. 2 it was his "duty" to report to the American people that Mr. Truman had, in early 1946, appointed Mr. White "executive director for the United States" of the International Monetary Fund immediately after receiving FBI reports showing Mr. White to be a "Russian spy." Mr. Brownell exploded this bombshell before the Executives Club of Chicago on Nov. 6. The clear implication of his very detailed and solemnly pronounced indictment—in the political, not legal sense—was that Mr. Truman had proved to be little, if anything, short of personally subversive. On Nov. 11 the President found it "inconceivable" that Mr. Truman had knowingly appointed to public office a man identified as a Communist spy, though this was exactly what Mr. Brownell had charged . . . The statements of former Secretary of State Byrnes and former Justice Department official Theron Lamar Caudle strongly supported the charge that both Mr. Truman and his then Attorney General, Tom Clark, knew about the FBI reports. Unquestionably something was seriously wrong with the Truman Administration's handling of such cases. . . . On the other side, Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers contradicted each other on whether Mr. White had been used for espionage purposes. T. Vincent Quinn, former U. S. assistant district attorney, revealed that the Federal grand jury which indicted Alger Hiss declined to indict Mr. White after hearing both him and Elizabeth Bentley. . . . Should this bombshell alienate Democratic support of the Eisenhower program, it could have disastrous consequences, despite Mr. Brownell's Nov. 11 disclaimer of intending to impugn Mr. Truman's loyalty.

The three steps of Communist seduction

Each time that the Communist taint appears on some person prominent in our public life, the question recurs: how does communism take captive a presumably intelligent individual who suffers no strong personal or minority grievance and hopes for no material gain from "joining up?" Ex-Communists offer answers drawn from their own experience. Rev. Gaston Fessard, S.J., who has spent much of his lifetime in quietly and persistently arguing with Communist leaders and analyzing their philosophy, sums up his conclusions in his own concise way. He began first by studying the methods of the Nazi leaders and their Vichy puppets in France. Then, comparing these with the methods of the Communists, he became convinced that the evil spirit, operating through either Nazi or Communist ideology, follows an unvarying three-step plan: *seduce the victim; implicate or involve him (compromettre); pervert or destroy him.* In the first step the procedure

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is to attract a well-intentioned, idealistic man by getting him to agree to a formula which is excellent in itself. The formula is always linked with some proviso which in reality destroys its value. You are for peace, for instance, but peace that will safeguard Soviet interests. In the second step, that of the collaborators and fellow-travelers, the seducer develops the implications of this otherwise excellent formula (you become an enemy of all that is opposed to Soviet Russia). Finally, when the operator's game is no longer concealed, comes the time either to *pervert* the weak brethren completely, or to *destroy* them morally—or even physically, by driving them to suicide—if they show signs of rebellion. The art of seducing souls is a very ancient one. Communists have organized and developed it in a diabolically cunning way.

Pentagon on American schooling

The Pentagon last week turned a critical eye on the products of our American schools. Dr. John A. Hannah, Assistant Secretary of Defense, said the services are revamping military education programs in order to stress cardinal lessons which the school and the home have seemingly failed to inculcate. The Army, Navy and Air Force provide "the last chance for society to do the job." What does Dr. Hannah think is lacking? Fighting men, he says, are not well-schooled in what it means to be an American. The dignity of the individual, respect for the truth, the meaning of popular sovereignty and spiritual values basic to a democratic philosophy—these fundamentals of citizenship have not been driven home to boys entering the service. We thought our schools prided themselves on their training of future citizens. What has gone wrong? Prof. Arthur E. Bestor, whose new book, *Educational Wastelands*, is attracting wide attention, gives his answer: there has been a "retreat from learning in our public schools." Progressive educators have thrown intellectual hard work out the window. Dr. Bestor contends that when intellectual values disappear, people lose faith in their own "higher purposes." Many voices are raised these days in criticism of our schools—of their philosophy, their methods, and what are called their "outcomes." Often this criticism comes from educators themselves, even progressives. When a man as devoted to public schooling as President Eisenhower blames our schools for the defection of GI's in Korea (even

though this Review would not) criticism is coming from high places.

"Moscow translates a book"

Writing under the above title in the Oct. 24 issue of the London *Bookseller*, John Clews, who has traveled extensively behind the Iron Curtain since the war, gives an interesting case-history of the Red tactic of keeping the Russian and satellite people in ignorance of what's going on in the West, particularly in the United States. Russians rarely translate an American book—unless it be one by Howard Fast, hailed by the Soviets as the leading U. S. novelist. Recently, however, a scholarly work, *Crisis in Britain* by Prof. Robert A. Brady (University of California, 1950), was translated in the USSR in a pirated edition. First, the book was drastically abridged. The 730 American pages became 350 Russian pages. Vital material was "savagely cut."

The foreword, the appendices, the chapters on social security, town and country planning, agriculture and marketing, and the critical summing-up entitled "Achievements and Prospects" are completely omitted. . . . Russian footnotes are both substituted and put in gratuitously . . . The sole purpose of the Russian version is to illustrate . . . the decline of the capitalist system and the inevitable triumph of world communism. All facts given by Brady which might possibly contradict this theory are simply omitted.

It is ironic that the book was published in Moscow just after Mr. Malenkov declared in one of his foreign-policy speeches that the cold war "violated the elementary laws of cultural relations between states."

The Philippine elections

Eight months ago we noted that Ramón Magsaysay would give Philippine President Elpidio Quirino a "tough electoral contest come November" (AM. 3/14, p. 639). Not only did the Nacionalista party candidate give the incumbent a good fight for the Presidency on Nov. 10 but, provided he holds the three-to-one lead built up in the returns available as we go to press, Mr. Magsaysay made a landslide of the elections. He thus wrote a dramatic *finis* to a violent story of political infighting which began last March. It was then that Mr.

AMERICA — National Catholic Weekly Review — Edited and published by the following Jesuit Fathers of the United States:

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Magsaysay resigned as Minister of Defense in President Quirino's Cabinet because, as he himself put it, the Administration was thwarting his campaign against the Communist-led Huks and "fostering conditions which offer a fertile soil for communism." President Quirino wrote off such statements as mere indications of Mr. Magsaysay's personal ambition to seek the Presidency. As bystanders, we hesitate to take sides even in retrospect. Nevertheless, it should be said that the election results have thus far proved Mr. Magsaysay to be the popular political figure his supporters have always claimed him to be. His vigorous and constructive anti-communism, manifested during his period of service as Defense Minister, augurs well for the future of the Philippines.

New Swedish diocese

Refugees, in God's Providence, have a way of bringing to other countries the blessings of the faith for which they have been persecuted at home, and new cheer to struggling Catholic minorities in their host countries. This pattern, so familiar in our English-speaking countries, is being repeated in Sweden. Refugees from Communist-ruled Poland and Lithuania have added 13,000 to the 9,000 Catholics who are Swedish nationals. With the growth of the Church's population comes an advance in its status; so that for the first time since the suppression of Catholicism in 1527, when King Gustavus Vasa made Lutheranism the state religion, Sweden has now a Catholic diocese. On Nov. 7 the Vatican radio announced that the Vicariate Apostolic of Sweden had been raised to diocesan rank. Most Rev. Johannes Erik Mueller became bishop of this new see with its seat in Stockholm. Most Rev. Ansgar Nelson, O.S.B., formerly of Portsmouth Priory in Rhode Island, is his coadjutor with right of succession. Sweden's new diocese follows shortly upon the creation of the new Dioceses of Copenhagen, in Denmark, and Oslo, in Norway. Deep-rooted suspicions of Rome, reflected in some of the still extant restrictive legislation, make tough going for the Church in the land of St. Erik and St. Bridget of Sweden. Her course is not eased by the nation's materialistic atmosphere and governmental encouragement of birth-control practices. All the more reason, therefore, to rejoice that along with its companion northern countries, Sweden has advanced one more step toward the restoration of its ancient faith.

Europeans on freedom of education

Refreshingly plain-spoken was the resolution on parental rights in the education of children which was adopted by acclamation at the three-day congress in Bruges, Belgium, of the International Union for Freedom of Education at the beginning of this month. As reported in a Nov. 7 NC dispatch, the resolution asserted that the parents' right "is not an empty liberty to bear the cost of sending their children to private or parochial schools." On the contrary, the civil authorities have a duty in strict justice to give parents the

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financial aid necessary to implement their right. Representatives of thirteen nations attended the congress of this interdenominational body. Dr. J. J. R. Schmall, a member of the Dutch Parliament, told the congress that 72 per cent of Netherlands children are in religiously orientated primary schools fully supported by the Government. He added that, speaking "as a proud child of the Reformation and a convinced Calvinist," he believed that any other arrangement would be undemocratic, because unjust. Pierre Harmel, Belgian Minister of Public Instruction, warned that in face of the growing state control of economic life, "we should find new reasons to preserve freedom of education." An American observer had to admit that such systems of aid to education as the Dutch are at present impossible here, because public opinion is unaware of the principle of justice involved. There was more truth than rhetoric in M. Harmel's remark that "this old Continent is showing the world the real meaning of freedom." Certainly we have still to learn the full meaning of freedom of education.

Comic books are still suspect

In a slashing article in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*, "What Parents Don't Know about Comic Books," psychiatrist Fredric Wertham, M. D., who has dealt with scores of juvenile delinquents, adduces some startling facts. Not only is "the keynote of crime-comic books violence and sadism," but they inculcate a disrespect for law and often actually teach methods of committing crime.

There is another feature of the ordinary run of comic books which adults do not know about but which is familiar to many children. Some crime-comic books feature "sexism" to such an extent that they are passed around like erotica. If you cover up a part of an illustration in some comic books, what is left reveals a grossly pornographic scene or a bit of anatomy not usually exposed.

These excesses, claims Dr. Wertham, can be found even in comic books which bear the Seal of Approval of the Association of Comics Magazine Publishers, the self-censoring body set up by the industry to satisfy the demand for a cleanup. "Self-regulation—to the extent that it was really attempted—has completely failed," he charges, "and legal control is now necessary." Responsible parents will not too readily write off Dr. Wertham's charges. He adduces facts. There are good comic books, but he thinks they are being snowed under by a new wave of crime, violence and sex.

Reminder to librarians

The H. W. Wilson Company has announced that all subscribers to the *Abridged Readers' Guide* are receiving voting lists to decide what magazines will be indexed for the next several years. Some will be dropped and others substituted. All libraries getting ARG are urged by the publisher to send in their preferences promptly.

LABOR, MANAGEMENT AND DEPRESSION

At the fall meeting of the Academy of Political Science, New York, Nov. 5, Prof. Howard S. Kaltenborn, an industrial-relations research director, discussed "Labor Policy and the State of Business." His central theme was what would happen to labor relations if another depression should come. He first presented a sobering analysis of factors that make union leaders, who are "haunted by prospects of another depression," fear that it would bring big losses in their memberships.

The first fear-factor is that the growth of unions has not kept pace with the expansion of the labor force. In 1939 union membership represented 29 per cent of the total labor force. By 1946 this ratio had increased to 36 per cent. Since then it has declined to 30 per cent.

This decline is of real concern to both the AFL and the CIO. But it is the CIO that has most to worry about. Its membership has declined since 1944, when its ranks numbered six and one-half million, "to the point where the CIO now claims only 5 million and its actual membership may be no higher than 4 million." Moreover, the CIO has half its members concentrated in two unions, the Steelworkers and the Automobile Workers. The rest of its membership is just as vulnerable to an economic slow-down because the unions are all confined to single industries.

The second major fear-factor is that "much of the trade-union membership lacks union consciousness and solidarity." Both AFL and CIO fear that an "organized but not unionized" membership will evaporate as soon as unions can no longer deliver tangible benefits. Faced by such an eventuality, Mr. Kaltenborn concludes, union strategy is to look to Washington for political help.

That union leaders have grounds for this strategy is borne out by Mr. Kaltenborn's analysis of management's depression policy. Management's philosophy, he acknowledged, has changed. Professional managers today believe that their responsibility is not primarily to stockholders, but equally to all the interests involved in the business. They consider survival of the business itself, however, as overriding the claims of the various separate interests involved, on the premise that neither stockholders nor labor nor the public can be served if the company itself founders. So whenever a business decline is in prospect, caution will dictate a tightening of the belt. Retrenchment and cutting of labor costs will hamstring unions and bring sharp membership losses. Retrenchment on industrial-relations programs and personnel will work further havoc on morale.

This fear atmosphere, it must be concluded, hampers the development of a true community of "Partners in Production." Fortunately, there is no present prospect of depression. It must be hoped that labor and management will use the breathing space to explore the several avenues leading to guaranteed employment and income. This exploration will require that both sides recede from some time-honored policies. P. S. L.

WASHINGTON FRONT

Since the elections early this month this political-minded city has passionately turned its mind to its favorite subject—politics. The post-mortems on November 3 are all in, and they about cancel one another out. But a lot of soul-searching is going on as Members of Congress drift in from home or from jaunts abroad. This seems truer of the Republicans, however, than of the Democrats, whose turn will come after the new session starts.

So far as I can make out, there are two schools of thought among the Republicans. The first is the obvious one in the face of danger: join ranks unitedly behind the President's program, put it through, and stand on it as a platform. But there are many who do not agree. These belong to the each-one-for-himself school, especially in the House of Representatives. They will run on local, not national, tickets, since no President is being elected.

If the President has his way in the coming session, there will be a lowering of tariffs, extension of the reciprocal-trade agreements, revision of Taft-Hartley, flexible supports of farm products, instead of a rigid parity support, no change in foreign aid, postponement of tax reductions or, in default of that, adoption of other taxes, and finally, the ending of racial segregation in schools and industry.

This is a program acceptable to most Democrats, but repugnant to many Republicans, so the President will still be dependent on Democrats to put his program across. That probably explains why he originally refused, as he said, "to use the Presidency for partisan political purposes," on the ground that he is the President of all 160 million people. He cannot afford to alienate too many Democrats. He was forced to abandon that position later, and it seems unlikely now that he can recapture it.

He has often said that he is a "novice in politics," and that admission shows that he is. He also has not yet admitted that he is the actual head of his party; indeed, on November 4 he called himself its "titular head," a phrase hitherto reserved for a defeated Presidential candidate. So long as he accepts the Whig theory that the legislative branch is the real sovereign and he only its servant, so long will he have trouble with Congress.

Indeed, many Republicans seem to suspect that he won't care particularly if the Democrats do win the next congressional elections, and many Democrats feel that he might welcome it—he would have a better chance of putting his program across if they did. It is no wonder, then, that the political atmosphere here is described as murky and troubled. In any case the week of January 4 is going to see the beginning of a very exciting era.

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

A forum on "The Church in a Changing Community" will be sponsored by Fordham College Interracial Council at the Bronx, N. Y., campus Dec. 4. Associated with the council in sponsoring the forum are the Suarez Society and the National Federation of Catholic College Students. The panel will consist of Msgr. Cornelius J. Drew, pastor of St. Charles Borromeo's in Harlem, and two laymen. College students from the metropolitan area are invited, as well as the general public.

► The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, is offering as "the ideal Christmas card" a small 64-page Christmas Missal in a 3½x6-in. format which may be conveniently mailed. Translation and arrangement of the three Christmas Masses is by Archbishop Aloisius J. Muench, Bishop of Fargo. Box of ten missals with envelopes, \$2.

► Rev. Eugene P. Murphy, S.J., director of the Sacred Heart (radio) Program, announces that a new painting of the Immaculate Heart of Mary is now ready for distribution. It is a companion picture to the famous Ibarraran Sacred Heart, of which some 300,000 have been sold. Through the generosity of a non-Catholic benefactor, the new picture, like that of the Sacred Heart, is being distributed at less than cost (Nu-Dell Plastics Corp., 2250 Pulaski Road, Chicago 39, Ill. Box of 36, \$9).

► Msgr. Raymond P. Hillinger, rector of Angel Guardian Orphanage, Chicago, has been appointed by Pope Pius XII Bishop of Rockford, Ill., it was announced by the Apostolic Delegation on Nov. 11. His appointment to the see of Rockford came just a week after he had been named a monsignor. Bishop-elect Hillinger will succeed Most Rev. John J. Boylan, third Bishop of Rockford, who died on July 19.

► A "Catholic Book Barrel" is maintained at Bellevue Hospital, New York, by the Third Order Chapter of Our Lady of the Scapular (338 East 29th St., New York 16, N. Y.). The patients in Bellevue, one of the largest city hospitals in the nation (2,901 beds), are "the poorest of the poor," according to a Catholic chaplain there, and unable to provide Catholic books or magazines for themselves. Donations of both would be most welcome.

► Through an error in a news dispatch, this column for Nov. 7 carried an item to the effect that the Federal Government had awarded to the Sisters of Charity of St. Louis Archdiocese the \$1.9-million Marine Hospital at Kirkwood, Mo. We are now informed that the recipients were the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. The final choice lay between the St. Joseph Sisters and the Sisters of Mercy, who operate St. John's Hospital in St. Louis. The latter withdrew in favor of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

C. K.

Dilemma in the Far East

We are grateful to the reader whose letter in this week's "Correspondence" gives us an opportunity to point up the significance of Vincent S. Kearney's "Whither U. S. policy in the Far East?" (AM. 11/7). Father Kearney's purpose was simply to expose the very stark dilemma confronting our Far East policy. Until the alternatives are clearly understood, one cannot comprehend what is involved in the choice we must make.

That dilemma can be briefly summarized. General Eisenhower plunged into it in his Champaign, Illinois, campaign speech last fall when he proposed that we let "Asians fight Asians" in Korea and effect a "withdrawal" of U. S. forces from the Far East. His pledge to do all he could to get us out of the Korean war won wide popular support. The late Senator Taft was reconciled to this trend in our policy. Secretary Dulles espoused, if he did not originate, it.

The reach of this arm of U. S. foreign policy is toward a stable, peaceful settlement with Red China. Many indicators point to serious *consideration* of Red China's demand for admission to the UN as the price of such a settlement. Our European allies seem ready to yield to this demand, as, of course, is India.

Directly in conflict with this shaping-up of our Far East policy is the opposite view that Red China is a mortal and implacable foe and that we can never be secure so long as China remains Communist. Generals MacArthur and Van Fleet, who shared this view, strove to step up our Korean fighting in order to smash Red China's power *in Korea*. The vast preponderance of high-level U. S. political and military judgment, in both the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations, rejected this course as risking an enlarged war. Neither MacArthur nor Van Fleet, so far as we know, ever suggested that we should pursue their logic to its natural conclusion by setting out to unhorse Mao on the China mainland. Their policy would have left Mao an antagonized, if repulsed, colossus in Asia.

The United States rejected the MacArthur-Van Fleet proposal, strove for two years to stop the Korean war, succeeded and has now put its hope in a Far Eastern settlement with Mao. The implications of this policy, which is a necessary counterpart of the ideal of U. S. "withdrawal" from Asia, are only now coming into clear focus as the evidence mounts that Mao (and the USSR) have no serious desire for a peaceful settlement. Our pursuing the "withdrawal" policy any further would be "appeasement."

This is the dilemma we face in the Far East. It is a grave one.

If the admission of Red China to the UN offered any solid hope of stabilizing the cold war in the Far East, political morality would not necessarily rule out this alternative. In our view, it offers no such hope. Until Mao changes his spots, therefore (a transformation which is today merely wishful thinking), this Review sees no justification for even discussing his

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regime's admission to the UN. It might, of course, still be admitted through the action of other members.

But saying this much solves nothing. All it says is that the ideal of "withdrawal" is out. We shall have to keep large U. S. air and naval forces in Asia even to "contain" Mao. We are, in a word, now confronted in the Far East with the same situation we face in Europe: a Communist giant threatening to devour his neighbors. The difference is that (except for South Korea, Formosa, the French in Indo-China, Australia and New Zealand) we have no effective military allies in Asia. Those we have are no match for Red China, backed up by Russia.

Our task then, and it is a huge one, is to build up a defense community in Asia comparable to the one we have built up in Europe. This is the only alternative to "withdrawal" and "appeasement." Let those who seriously want this alternative quit rejoicing in defense cuts and quit clamoring for reduced taxes. For we shall, for years to come, have to pour money, weapons and probably men into a Pacific defense community.

This Review is ready to face the music. We believe that such a Far East build-up will safeguard the best interests of the free world, including South Korea and the Nationalist China stronghold on Formosa, while averting the imminent danger of a third world war. It will prove extremely costly. Rearming Japan alone entails staggering problems. But there seems to be no alternative.

Many people, including some Catholics, have never viewed the risk of an enlarged war in the Far East with much alarm. They seem to have figured that we would have to destroy the Red hold on China some day anyway, so it might just as well come now.

We have never been able to reconcile this attitude either with the best interests of the United States and its allies or with the repeated warnings of Pope Pius XII that every alternative to war must be tried to avert such a nightmare.

How the enslaved peoples, whether of the USSR and Eastern Europe or of Red China, are going to be "liberated" under this alternative, we do not pretend to know. Neither does Mr. Dulles nor anyone else.

Weighing all phases of alternative courses in politics is not "expediency." It belongs to the virtue of prudence, which cautions care in the selection of moral and effective means of working toward proper and desired ends. Since the United States cannot completely control the Far Eastern situation, we may have to settle for an intermediate course. "Politics," it has been said, "is the art of the possible."

U. S. bishops on "separation"

Since Protestant spokesmen keep insinuating that the inner momentum of the Catholic Church is "totalitarian," we hope they will give a fair reading to the article by Rev. John Tracy Ellis on "Church and State: An American Catholic Tradition" in *Harper's* for November. The scholarly professor of Church history at Catholic University of America has put together a number of statements by American Catholic bishops which show, as he puts it:

The American Catholic hierarchy has always held, and still holds, that separation of Church and State in this country is the practical solution of this age-old problem: and nowhere will the student of American history find that the Holy See has ever rebuked them for their stand.

This American Catholic tradition goes back to our national beginnings and is unbroken. John Carroll gave public praise to it in December, 1787, three years before he became the "founder of the American hierarchy." Within a decade of Carroll's death, on St. Patrick's Day, 1824, Bishop John England of Charleston exclaimed: "May God long preserve the liberties of America from the union of any church with any state." He stood for separation "in any country, with any religion."

In the 1840's, when State aid to parochial schools in New York was being fought for fear it would destroy our system of separation, Bishop John Hughes agreed that such a result would be "disastrous." He called the First Amendment the "wisest" provision in the Constitution.

Cardinal Gibbons' defense of American separation is famous. Especially on two occasions, in his sermon in Rome in 1887 and in an article in the *North American Review* in 1909, he upheld this view:

American Catholics rejoice in our separation of Church and State; and I can conceive of no combination of circumstances likely to arise which would make a union desirable either to Church or State.

Several of Gibbons' episcopal contemporaries—John Lancaster Spalding, John Ireland and John J. Keane—publicly endorsed the same view.

More recent expressions of this old American Catholic tradition in favor of religious liberty can be found in Archbishop Cushing's October, 1947 address to the Holy Name Society in Boston and the late Archbishop McNicholas' famous 1948 statement as chairman of the NCWC's Administrative Board. The most recent episcopal declaration, too late for citation by Father Ellis, formed part of Cardinal Stritch's address in Rome October 15:

Rightly interpreted, we accept it [our "constitutional definition of religious freedom"] as the only practical definition in the circumstances in which we find ourselves and foresee our future.

The fact is that throughout our history American Catholic bishops have readily accepted our form of

separation of Church and State, often with enthusiasm.

Theologians must debate the doctrinal warrant for it. The state has some duties toward religion. It cannot be allowed to secularize human society. Scholars must therefore discuss what its pro-religious duties are in various social and political contexts.

Social-security taxes

Among the business left unfinished when Congress adjourned last summer was a strange recommendation by the President that a half-per-cent increase in the social-security tax, scheduled to take effect January 1, be postponed. We say "strange" recommendation because it is not at all clear that those who are supposed to benefit from this benevolence really want it.

According to Rep. Richard Simpson (R., Pa.), who introduced a bill embodying the President's proposal, deferring the scheduled increase will be a boon to workers, who will thus have more dollars in their pay envelopes to spend or save as they see fit.

Labor spokesmen don't seem at all impressed by this largesse. Speaking a few weeks ago at a conference on social security sponsored by the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce, the head of the AFL in Massachusetts, Henry J. Brides, called the Administration proposal "foolhardy." He conceded that at the present time the Old-Age and Survivors Insurance fund is taking in much more than it is paying out. But he warned his audience to look ahead twenty years, when an estimated 11 million workers instead of the 2 million today will be drawing benefits. It was precisely to assure the long-term solvency of the fund, he argued, that Congress originally determined that the tax on workers' wages should be advanced next year from 1½ to 2 per cent. The workers favor this increase because they want the fund on which their security rests to be financially sound.

Commenting on the Simpson bill, Nelson Cruikshank, AFL director of social-security activities, emphasized the same point. The workers are much more interested in the solvency of the fund, he explained, than in the \$12 to \$18 they would annually save through the Simpson bill. Workers know, he added, that "it's not a saving when one doesn't pay one's insurance premium."

If the purpose of the Simpson bill is to grant relief to workers, it does not seem to make much sense. But if it is intended to lighten the burden on employers, who must match employee contributions to social security, the bill becomes understandable. Being understandable does not make it a good bill. If Congress, intent on placing the Old-Age and Survivors Insurance fund on a sound actuarial basis, decreed an increase in the premium next year, what has happened in the meantime to make such an increase unnecessary?

Until the Administration and Representative Simpson answer that question satisfactorily, the suspicion will continue to exist that some one in Washington is tampering with the social-security system.

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Morocco: another step nearer chaos

Rom Landau

WITH THE ARREST and imprisonment of Sultan Mohammed V on August 20, France created in Morocco an entirely unforeseen situation, possibly precipitating the emergence of a new "Indo-China" in North Africa. Yet several months after the event, the American public still seems to ignore its true nature and the significance of its present repercussions.

Reports on Moroccan affairs that do not conform to the line laid down by colonialist propaganda are usually decried by French apologists as denoting anti-French sentiment. The following account of recent happenings in Morocco is given mainly in the words of French experts, many of them eyewitnesses, who are among their country's leading Catholics.

Even in the United States the events leading to the Sultan's imprisonment have been presented as a spontaneous revolt of Berber tribes, led by Haj Thami el Glaoui, the notorious Pasha of Marrakesh. We find a truer version of these events in the report of Robert Barrat, secretary general of the Catholic Center of French Intellectuals, published on September 4, in the Catholic *Témoignage Chrétien*. Not only was M. Barrat present in Morocco at the crucial time, but he was also in daily touch with the chief actors in the drama: General Guillaume, the Sultan and most of the leaders in both camps. This is what M. Barrat wrote:

A handful of Government officials, in the service of French high finance in Morocco, have staged, with disgusting cynicism, this comedy of the rebellion of the "big-hearted" feudalists against a "hated" monarch. The last natural stronghold of his people, the Sultan Mohammed Ben Youssef has been the victim of the insatiable appetite of a coalition of *colons* and swindlers. The *coup de force* is a real crime against a disarmed and defenseless people, a people who have always believed in our word, in our loyalty, and whom we have just plunged into an abyss of despair.

Both within and without Catholic circles, Frenchmen of integrity were profoundly shocked by the events of August and by their accompanying features. Jean Marie Domenach, editor of *Esprit*, one of the leading French reviews, wrote:

It is no longer a matter of naked force. Force has to manifest itself by methods of corruption, of spying and concentration camps . . . To impose terror upon Morocco, one has to lie in France. This is the first step of a system in which police violence, a lying propaganda and the money of capitalists combine in a pattern of modern totalitarianism.

Evidently it was not the supposed Berber tribes that

In our Aug. 29 issue Mr. Landau told how the French conscience, especially its Catholic conscience, was troubled by the injustices of French rule in Morocco. Here he describes from Catholic sources the events that preceded and followed the so-called "spontaneous revolt" that led to the deposition of the Sultan by the French on Aug. 29. A British writer, Mr. Landau has long specialized in Moroccan affairs.

were responsible for the upheavals last August. According to *Esprit*, the responsibility lay "first and foremost" with "a Marshal of France [Juin], who, pushed by politicians eager to exploit patriotic sentiments, prepared this operation for the last two years." He was supported in this enterprise by "a handful of former leading Vichyites, economic collaborators and doubtful businessmen."

While official propaganda keeps repeating that the anti-Sultan movement was spontaneous and of an entirely native character, in actual fact, *Esprit* insists, on the eve of the crucial events "thousands of natives were thrown into jail or deported. Tanks were placed in position, native quarters were isolated, and, in a word, the same methods were applied by which the SS came to power in Germany."

The Moroccans themselves see in the events of August not so much a political measure as a violation of their deepest religious susceptibilities. The coup was staged on the eve of Aid el Kebir, the highly important Feast of the Sacrifice. The two native henchmen chosen by the French to stage the coup were Glaoui and Si Abdel Hayi Kittani. According to Prof. Louis Massignon, France's greatest oriental scholar and one of her leading Catholics, Glaoui expelled himself from the Moslem fold by acting as one of the Administration's chief instruments in creating organized prostitution in Morocco. It was the colonial administration, writes Professor Massignon in *Esprit*, "that encouraged [Glaoui] to perfect the system of taxes he received from the prostitutes in Marrakesh." On September 3, Jean Scelles, a former member of the Council of the French Union, sent an official letter to the French Foreign Minister, in the name of the leading religious and social organizations, demanding the suppression of organized prostitution in Morocco and of the white-slave traffic that goes with it. In asking for an elimination of the existing "scandal," the writer mentioned Glaoui by name.

Kittani, Glaoui's fellow-kingmaker, is the head of one of those pseudo-religious fraternities that for many years represented Moorish fanaticism, reaction and superstition. In Professor Massignon's words, the choice of two such "leaders" for the deposition of the legitimate Sultan and his replacement by a puppet-king "showed the Moroccans to what cynicism they were exposed at the hands of the French Administration."

As a result of the events of August, "France stands dishonored in the eyes of the world," wrote M. Domenach, also in the pages of *Esprit*:

She allows the murder, deportation and imprisonment of those whom we should have protected and who placed their trust in us. . . . The recent *coup de force* rouses the hatred of millions of people against France. . . . The deposition of the Sultan during the feast of Aid el Kebir has been regarded by all Moslems as a sacrilege.

M. Barrat reaches similar conclusions. "Our country now has lost face," he wrote in *Témoignage Chrétien* for September 4. "International public opinion is distressed, or smirks, seeing that we have stooped so low."

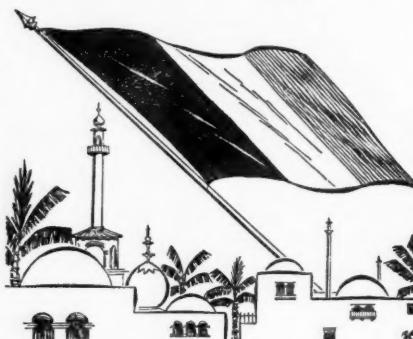
The reader will wish to know what the present results of the recent coup are. The French press in Morocco keeps proclaiming in big headlines that all is quiet and the people are happy under their new ruler. Yet when you scan the columns further down on the page, you come across notices reporting the murder of policemen, derailment of trains, the burning of storehouses and other acts of violence. Before August, 1953, such violence was practically unknown in Morocco.

Two main factors contribute toward the creation of this deterioration of affairs. With the removal of the Sultan and the imprisonment of practically all leading nationalists, no one is left to direct the struggle for independence. Among those who conduct that struggle, besides genuine patriots, we now find adventurers and fanatics who will stop at nothing. In the past, the Moroccans believed that whatever a Juin or a Guillaume or the *colons* and their protectors in the North African Lobby in Paris (AM. 1/3, pp. 371-72) might be planning, the French Government would never stoop so low as to lay hands upon the legitimate Sultan.

They also believed that the United States would not stand by passively while the forces of reaction were attempting to put the clock back to the days of nineteenth-century colonialism. Disillusionment has now set in. The apparent unwillingness or inability of the American Government to prevent the perpetration of such a crime against the Sultan and his people came as a tremendous shock to Moroccans of all classes.

A year ago anti-American sentiments were unknown in Morocco. Today the hatred felt toward France is beginning to include the United States as well. The Moroccans' trust in both France and America has been shattered (according to most American observers on the spot) irreparably. Hence the Moroccans have now chosen the way of sabotage and violence as the only road open to champions of national independence.

Something might possibly have been saved from the wreckage of Franco-Moroccan understanding had the French lifted the "state of siege" and granted the natives at least some of the elementary freedoms of which they have been deprived. But instead of bringing the thousands of imprisoned to trial, instead of restoring even a minimum freedom of the press and



of expression, instead of tolerating such nonpolitical movements as trade unions or boy scouting, the authorities have maintained the state of siege and set out to strengthen their colonialist hold on the country.

This is being done under the title of "democratic reforms" in the vain hope that the outside world may mistake the camouflage for the real thing. The "reforms" consist mainly of the introduction of municipal reforms and the replacement of the Sultan's prerogatives (guaranteed in the Treaty of Fez of 1912) by enlargement of those of "his" Government and of the Government Council.

What do these reforms imply in actual fact? The municipal elections open doors to French co-sovereignty, which is barred by all international treaties

as well as by several verdicts of the International Court of Justice at the Hague. Frenchmen residing in Morocco (legally, a sovereign country with its own politico-national personality) are being given the vote and hence political rights. Marshal Lyautey, the creator and first Governor General of modern Morocco, stated time and again that Frenchmen living in Morocco are not entitled to political representation. Moreover, according to the "reforms," the French, who form only four per cent of the population, are to have as many deputies as the Moroccans, who represent over ninety per cent.

Most of the Sultan's powers have now been vested in his Government, to which, however, French "advisers" have been assigned. It is these French officials who have the decisive say, the native viziers being mere figureheads. Since voting for the Government Council is no longer free, only such natives can be elected to it as are acceptable to the French Administration.

Though native rights have been violated for a number of years—Lyautey himself protested to the Paris Government on countless occasions against such violations—the new "reforms" are giving the present injustices an appearance of legality. This legality has been obtained by means of a number of new decrees signed and sealed by the puppet-Sultan. The French themselves describe that pathetic figurehead as a "rubber stamp."

One of the most conspicuous features of the recent *coup d'état* was the increase in power it brought to the representatives of native feudalism, chiefly in the persons of Glaoui, the symbol of Moorish reaction and autocracy, and Kittani, who personifies religious obscurantism and who, in the words of Louis Massignon, embodies "black magic."

By lending Glaoui and Kittani, and the lesser personalities who follow these two chiefs, so much new power, the French authorities in Morocco have inevitably created the impression that their "democratic reforms" have no substance and must be regarded as

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The tragedy is the way the Communists are cashing in on Moroccan frustration. Right up to August of this year Morocco was probably the least Communist-infected country in the world. Today many Moroccans are saying that, since the free Western Powers have "let them down," they are forced to seek support elsewhere, no matter by what means or at what price. They see in communism, not a political or philosophical doctrine, but merely a potential ally. This is the one result of the recent coup to which the Western world cannot afford to turn a blind eye.

Even in France many experts realize that the coup and the subsequent "reforms" have not only solved nothing, but have opened the doors to a threatening future. *L'Actualité religieuse dans le Monde*, a leading Christian review in France, wrote on September 1:

The schism with its twofold religious and political character persists in Morocco. The national unanimity [under the new Sultan] proclaimed in official declarations can deceive no one. The people in the towns are now silent but by no means resigned. And once the rural population shall have gained full consciousness of the recent events, it will be impossible to foretell what convulsions Morocco may have to experience.

It is even less possible to foretell what repercussions such convulsions may have in the mighty struggle now going on between communism and the free world.

We shall have music (liturgical)

Frank Roberts

CHURCH MUSIC ought to stimulate the faithful to meditation and prepare them to receive with greater fervor the fruits of grace. Church music must not be entertainment; it must help people to pray." I was reminded, on a recent Sunday, of this quotation from the introduction to the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X, the official guide to Church music.

I was attending Mass in one of the bigger parishes in a good-sized Eastern city, but for all the attention I gave to the Holy Sacrifice I might as well have been in Carnegie Hall. I read my missal without a single word registering on my mind. And why? Because I was being entertained by the show which choir, organist and soloist had conspired to produce, to the detriment of the business at hand—devout attendance at Holy Mass.

Mr. Roberts, a free-lance writer of Fairhaven, Mass., writes for various Catholic publications.

The program included "Mother Dear, O Pray for me," "O Sacred Heart, O Love Divine" and "Thou, for Whom I've Long Been Sighing," by the choir; Schubert's "Ave Maria," rendered acceptably by a mezzo-soprano; and a melody which haunted me (because I found its title elusive) and which I later learned was "an adaptation of some of the music from *Lucia de Lammermoor*, especially paraphrased for the organ." This melody was woven throughout the Mass (the Consecration included) whenever the singers were quiet.

Is it any wonder that I—and hundreds of others—were distracted? This was not Church music—this was entertainment. Church music should be unobtrusive, but when after-Mass conversation revolves about the "timbre" and "lower register" of the soprano and the "shading" that the organist put into the paraphrase, there is abundant proof that the music was anything but unobtrusive. One sees the need of getting back to the rules laid down in the *Motu Proprio*.

A half century has passed since Pius X issued his *Motu Proprio* on the Feast of St. Cecilia, November 22, 1903. Yet, among choir folk there is often almost total ignorance of this set of laws governing Church music, laws by which the liturgical correctness of all Masses and musical selections may be determined.

The *Motu Proprio* bans all that is theatrical: selections, albeit of a religious nature, that are better suited to the concert stage; melodies which, given a different set of lyrics, would qualify in the "pop" department; Masses or hymns based upon operatic airs, ballet music or other favorites (the so-called Christmas Carol Mass is a fine example).

It also lays down other rules which some may find hard to take:

1. The organ is the only instrument permitted. Generally this rule is heeded, except for certain seasonal performances, when anything from a tuba to a glockenspiel is liable to make an appearance. Even the organ is limited to accompaniment, and the organist who thrills the congregation with his rendition of an old favorite is liturgically incorrect—distractingly so.

2. Church music is choral in character, and, except in a very few cases (cf. *Motu Proprio*, V, 12), solos and duets are out. The reason for this is that the choir represents the congregation, who, the *Motu Proprio* urges, should sing the common of the Mass.

3. Women in a choir are frowned upon. In most cases, however, this regulation is of necessity ignored. In many choirs women struggle valiantly with no male support. Other choirs (and these seem to be in the majority) lack balance, with the soprano and alto forces outnumbering (and consequently outsinging) the tenors and basses. Rare is the parish that can assemble a choir composed solely of men and boys.

Why are these rules so widely ignored? There are several reasons. The already-mentioned ignorance of the rules, for one. Poorly trained choirs whose lack of competence binds them to the hackneyed, for another. Also contributing is lack of enthusiasm for the plain

and unspectacular, which, many feel, does not show off musical ability so well as the familiar saccharine, bombastic and dramatic. Pastors who continue to allow their choirs a free hand, while fully cognizant of the fact that liturgically they are out in left field, must, it would seem, accept some of the blame.

And this is the situation as it exists from Maine to California, from Florida to Washington, with occasional exceptions to prove the rule. How can we remedy this neglect? There is only one sure method: the establishment of a music commission in every diocese, a militant music commission which will state clearly, without equivocation, what may or may not be done music-wise in the churches. Pius X's *Motu Proprio* should be made common knowledge—to the laity as well as the clergy—so that they will be able to judge the appropriateness of a particular Mass or piece of music. In this regard, the commission would have as a guide the *White List* of the Society of Saint Gregory. Based upon the *Motu Proprio*, this is the official catalog of what may be used in churches at the present time. Approval of the diocesan commission would be needed before a work not on the list could be performed.

The Archdiocese of Boston has such a commission, functioning as described. Directed by Most Rev. Eric F. MacKenzie, Auxiliary Bishop, the commission looks toward the establishment—or re-establishment—of reverent and devotional music in every parish of the archdiocese.

The effects of years of carelessness, of course, cannot be undone overnight. Though honey-sweet, familiar favorites may be lifted from a choir's repertoire, one can understand that it may take time before the parish will—or can—comply with other regulations: that only male voices be used, or that the congregation sing the common of the Mass. But corrective measures have been applied in Boston, and the work of the commission is showing results. Many churches in the archdiocese schedule only liturgically correct music—Notre Dame de Pitié and Saint Paul's, both in Cambridge, Saint Cecilia's, Boston, and Saint Jean's, Lynn (all of which have liturgical choirs of men and boys).

Other parishes whose choirs are working according to the commission's program are Saint Mary's, Cambridge; Holy Name, West Roxbury; and Sacred Heart, Roslindale. Nearby Newton College of the Sacred Heart offers summer courses in Church music for choir directors, organists and singers. In an effort to inculcate early a love for correct music, many parochial-school children are trained in the common of the Mass, in traditional settings. Groups of these children have sung, with a magnificence indicative of solid training, at Boston's Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

The mention of Gregorian chant scares many, even among the better-trained musicians. This fear, born generally of lack of familiarity, is, in many cases, groundless. But Bishop MacKenzie has a word of hope

for those who consider plain chant beyond the ability of their choirs. He has stated that though "plain chant is the traditional music of the Church . . . truly expressive of Catholic worship," it need not be the only type sung, for "music of modern composition, provided that it is not secular in structure, spirit and association, is allowed."

The Archdiocese of Boston is proving that it can be done. And what one diocese can do, so can another—with correspondingly good results. But the faithful must be led. They will not, as one director with whom I spoke put it, "switch over of themselves, at my bidding or at the bidding of one particular priest." A diocesan commission is the only solution. Boston, of course, is not alone—movements along this line are under way in other dioceses: the Dioceses of Paterson, Pittsburgh, Rochester, and the Archdiocese of San Francisco are notable examples. Also, at a recent meeting of organists and choir directors held in Warwick, R. I., the Providence Diocesan Music Commission placed a ban upon all Masses, hymns and other compositions "of a worldly or theatrical nature." Those who hope to work for reform will do well to study the methods by which the success of these diocesan commissions in promoting liturgical music is being achieved.

The parish in which I attended Mass recently, and of which I wrote above, is not the only one that would profit by a diocesan commission. Memory calls up a Sunday Mass at a seaside resort town. The church, large enough to accommodate the year-round Catholics, was bulging from an influx of summer visitors. Fifteen minutes before Mass time, there was not even "S.R.O.," so I made my way to an empty kneeler in the choir loft, whence I had an unobstructed view of the music through which the organist was riffling. I trust that most of it was never used. But if I was startled at some of the pieces in her folder, I was even less prepared for the Offertory "hymn," an organ solo—the largo from the *New World Symphony*, popularly known as "Goin' Home"—played, I must admit, very reverently.

Admittedly, these cases are extreme, and they are recalled only to show how far afield a choir, given no definite blueprint, can go. In the past fifty years, we have become increasingly more liturgically correct with regard to altars, statuary and other items of church decor. We have tried to make them as inspirational as circumstances will allow. But frequently their inspiration is lost in the first measures that roll forth from the organ.

Figuratively—sometimes literally—while the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass unfolds before them, the congregation faces the rear of the church, captivated by the show presented from that direction. They need to do an "about face." But theirs must be preceded by the choir's—an "about face" effected by a diocesan music commission following Pius X's format.



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Andersen, prince of storytellers

Sister Mary Jeremy

Did Danny Kaye's recent motion picture make you reread the tales of Hans Christian Andersen? If so, you realized the truth of his words: "I speak to the children, but I don't forget that the father and mother are listening."

The first thing you notice is that he is a *storyteller*; he has the speaking voice: "Look now, we're going to begin;" "Just hear what happened to the watchman!" "A nice fall he would have had! Heaven preserve us!" This intimate style, a novelty when Andersen began to write, came to him from the old women in the Odense workhouse, whom he used to visit as a child and who repaid him with a treasury of legends and folktales.

His directness of expression also derives from these simple narrators, though it is equally the reflection of his own candid mind. Things and persons are called by their right names. "I thank you, you old witch," says the soldier in "The Tinder Box." After an amiable conversation, a host says to his guest: "But now leave off talking, for I want to sleep."

This directness extends to details. Everyone—queens, emperors, princesses, witches—has appropriate accessories. The princes in "The Wild Swans" wrote with pencils of diamond upon slates of gold . . . "one could see directly that they were princes." A witch can nearly always be recognized by her ugliness—for instance, she may have an underlip hanging down upon her breast. The cushions of a magician's throne are "little black mice biting one another's tails."

As this last example shows, there is nothing static about Andersen's descriptions. Everything is shown in action. When an old king hears good news, he "throws a somersault . . . and the whole court threw somersaults just as they had seen the king do." When a wicked princess refuses to become good, "the old women who drank brandy used to color it quite black before they drank it, they were in such deep mourning—and they certainly could not do more." Even apparent inaction is made dramatic by inimitable irony. A stork standing sentry by his wife's nest "had drawn up one of his legs so as not to be quite idle."

If you reread Andersen you will find dozens of little pictures, fresh and lively miniatures, like this one from "The Traveling Companion" when the hero, leaving home to seek his fortune, looks back at the church:

Then, high up in one of the openings of the tower, he saw the ringer standing in his little pointed red cap, shading his face with his bent arm to keep the sun from shining in his eyes. John nodded a farewell to him, and the little ringer waved his red

LITERATURE AND ARTS

cap, laid his hand on his heart and kissed his hand to John a great many times, to show that he wished the traveler well and hoped he would have a prosperous journey.

In the Garden of Paradise, wonderful climbing plants hang in long festoons "as one only sees them illuminated in gold and colors on the margins of old missals or twined among the initial letters." Even creatures that might be repellent are transformed: "great colored spiders with silver crowns on their heads spin long hanging bridges in the moonlight."

The genius of Andersen, manifest in such transforming touches, which enliven without disfiguring the folktales of his native Denmark, is equally at home in stories from other countries. The ancient myth of the Phoenix reappears in the gusty narrative of the South Wind in "The Garden of Paradise;" "The Traveling Companion" is a version of the widely dispersed theme of "the grateful dead"—Andersen's source was a German redaction; "The Emperor's New Clothes" is of Spanish origin. (Who can forget the Emperor going proudly in procession under a great canopy while everyone says: "How incomparable are the Emperor's new clothes! How they fit him!" until at last a little child cries out: "But he has nothing on!")

His masterpieces are all his own: "The Snow Queen," that long necklace of stories where icy crystals alternate with warm red roses; "The Little Mermaid"—her statue in bronze overlooks Copenhagen harbor today as Andersen's memorial; and his spiritual autobiography, "The Ugly Duckling," with its magnificent conclusion:

It matters nothing if one is born in a duckyard if one has only lain in a swan's egg . . . The old swans bowed their heads before him. Then he felt quite ashamed and hid his head under his wings, for he did not know what to do; he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He thought how he had been persecuted and despised; and now he heard them saying that he was the most beautiful of all birds. Even the elder-tree bent its branches straight down into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and mild. Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart: "I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was still the Ugly Duckling!"

Sister M. Jeremy, O.P., is a member of the English Department of Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.

Surely, as he wrote this, Andersen thought of the fortune-teller who had said of him in his ungainly youth: "A wild, high-flying bird he'll be. Something great and fine in the world. The time will come when all Odense will be illumined for him." And so it was. And his townspeople carried him home upon their shoulders.

The love of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, of playmates and friends, of sweethearts, of wives and husbands—all may be found in these wonderful stories, for which the designation "fairy tales" is surely a misnomer. And it is not an idle love: it proves itself in hazard and suffering. It is "love in order," for in it and over it is the love of God. Remember the Little Match Girl with her bare feet "red and blue with the cold" and the magnificent scenes that rise before her in the brief glow of the match until she finally flies "in brightness and joy above the earth." When Henri Ghéon chose to dramatize this story he was well aware of the depths of meaning that were hidden in it.

Anyone who says that these stories are "unreal" suffers from atrophy of the imagination. We live by admiration, faith and love. We look up to those whom honor binds most strictly, and the Steadfast Tin Soldier awakens an answering chord in us. Shouldering his gun, he is about to be swept down the gutter into the fearsome drain. He feels like crying out, "but he did not think it fitting to call out loudly, because he was in uniform." Another Tin Soldier in the less-familiar

story, "The Old House," is admonished sternly by the little boy who has given him to a lonely old man. The soldier complains that his new home is dull and depressing: "I can't bear it." "You must bear it," says the little boy. When the soldier rebels again, he is reproved even more solemnly in words that touch the heart of Andersen's adult listener, whatever the children may make of them: "You have been given away," says the little boy. "You must stay where you are. Don't you see that?"

Today we are desperately concerned about reinforcing moral values and social responsibility. We fill the children's readers with stories intended to make them good citizens of the world and of their country; we even have stories calculated to make them eat properly, "cross crossings carefully" and have confidence in doctors and policemen. We are making a great mistake if, in our zeal for the explicit and literal, we exclude the stories of Andersen. Certainly not all of them are for the very young, but some should be their inalienable possession.

Of the remarkable appeal which Andersen makes to children, Paul Hazard has said in *Books, Children and Men*: "In these beautiful tales they find not only pleasure but the law of their being and the feeling of the great role they have to fill . . . It is this inner life that gives the tales their deep quality. From it comes also that exaltation which spreads through the soul of the reader. From it comes, finally, a marked quality of serenity."

AMERICA balances books for the children

This is the age—among other things—of the great TV debate. What effect is television having on our cultural standards? What is it doing to reading habits, to general taste, to morals? In no fields does the debate rage more furiously than in what's happening to children from their hours before the TV screen and, in particular, what's happening to children's reading.

One survey will tell us that children are reading less; the following week another will say that children are being stimulated to read by the TV shows, especially in such fields as science and adventure. Whatever the actual statistics adduced in these surveys, it does seem to be a fact that parents and educators are beginning to see that TV can (with a little thought and ingenuity) be used to make children's reading timely and fascinating.

Children's publishing certainly does not reflect any deep fear that TV is undermining the youngsters' interests in books. At no time in our history have there been as many beautifully printed and illustrated books of good literary and moral quality, and at no

time has the sale of juvenile books been so high, even taking into consideration our growing population.

There is much still to be done, however, before juvenile literature fully justifies its own promise. It was with this thought in mind that Dr. Einar Löfstedt, a noted philologist and member of the Swedish Academy, recently submitted to a conference of the Council of Europe a proposal that a Nobel prize be established for authors of children's books. The professor had only European authors in mind, but his suggestion was taken up by the Stockholm daily *Dagens Nyheter*:

Unesco has a larger budget than the Council of Europe and should be able to set aside something for a world-wide juvenile campaign. America, for example, needs to read more European books for children. Everywhere people complain about the advance of crude and vulgar pictorial thinking, about the iron grip of comic strips and television on children and youth. . . . Great efforts should be made to promote a wide circulation of good juveniles. . . .

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the significance of children's books as a bridge between generations and between peoples. It will suffice to quote the French literary historian and Academy member, Paul Hazard: Juveniles keep the national feeling alive, but they also appeal to the feeling for humanity. They describe lovingly their homelands, but they also tell the stories of distant countries where unknown brothers and sisters live. They give the essentials of the character of their own people, but they are also messengers who traverse mountains and valleys and seas, and go to the ends of the world to seek new ties of friendship. Each country gives and each country takes . . . and thus it happens that during our first impressionable years the world-embracing republic of childhood is being formed."

Both these mother-ideas in children's literature—the idea of a proper patriotism and the idea of the solidarity of the human race—are pre-eminently Christian and Catholic ideas. If, in Dr. Löfstedt's proposal and in M. Hazard's

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observation, there is no mention of something else children's books can deepen in young readers—namely, an appreciation of their supernatural relationships to God—the natural virtues they emphasize are nevertheless sound and necessary and can be used by wise parents as a foundation on which their children's life of grace can be built.

Here is the precise task and the marvelous opportunity of the Catholic children's author. Under his skilled hand, such things as patriotism and human solidarity will take on hues and tones that will suggest, attractively and without obvious didacticism,

such more glorious realities as love of our real *patria*, heaven, and love of the supreme solidarity, the Mystical Body.

Many of the books reviewed in this annual fall survey of children's literature will perform the duty the two learned authorities look for; some books will crown that task with a more explicitly Catholic aura. Both types of book will assure for your children good reading, for you a solution of the TV problem, and for the "world-embracing republic of childhood" the enfranchisement of many enthusiastic young reading citizens.

Books for lookers and those starting to read

Since this survey comes along just about when Christmas is in everyone's thoughts, it might be good to start with a truly charming book which is remarkable for its fidelity to child nature and to the true spirit of Christmas. *Noël for Jeanne-Marie* (Scribner, \$2.25) is author-illustrator Françoise Seignobosc's story of a little French girl who is worried because Patapon, her sheep, has no wooden shoes for Father Noël to fill. She has her cobbler friend make a tiny pair, which are filled to everyone's delight during the holy night. The illustrations are genuinely naive.

Though there is not much of the real Christmas spirit in *The Christmas Bunny*, by author-illustrators Will and Nicolas (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), there is a lot of fun in the dream trip which young Davy takes into the woods, where he finds the animals preparing for a Christmas party. When Santa Claus comes along, Davy asks for the present he particularly wants, which actually turns up the next day, making the dream come true. *The Golden Christmas Manger*, by Helen Sewell (Simon & Schuster, \$1.95), is not really a book but a complete folding three-dimensional manger with thirty-two Nativity figures which any child would delight in assembling to put under the Christmas tree. Included is a booklet containing the Christmas story and a stanza of "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen."

In *Star of Wonder*, by Robert Coles and Frances Frost (Whittlesey, \$2), David and Jean enjoy a reverent and scientific visit to the Hayden Planetarium, where they see the Christmas show built around the Star of Bethlehem. The miraculous character of the star is not ruled out, but all the scientific possibilities are brilliantly set forth, the exposition being aided immeasurably by the illustrations of Paul Galdone.

Two books about the central figure of Christmas are *The Boy Jesus*, by Pelagie Doane (Oxford, \$3) and *Our Lord and I*, by Catherine Beebe (St. Anthony Guild, \$.75). The first emphasizes the happy family life at Nazareth, which lends itself well to the excellent illustrations. The second little book, illustrated by Robb Beebe, carries a young boy through his day and again emphasizes the Holy Family. It ends with prayers for mother and father to teach.



A favorite classic takes on new life in *The Steadfast Tin Soldier* (Scribner, \$2.25), as Marcia Brown illustrates Hans Christian Andersen's famous tale. The soft colors are perfect complements for the tender sadness of the story. Another old tale, this time a folk story from our Southern mountains, is retold by Ruth Sawyer in *Journey Cake Ho!* (Viking, \$2.50). It's a very lively story about a runaway johnny cake, and Robert McCloskey's dynamic illustration helps the story—one of the outstanding of the year—zip along.

A boyhood as lived in Japan is retold in *The Village Tree*, by Taro Yashima (Viking, \$2.50). The discerning child will love the dreamy rhythms and vigorous drawings that harmonize into a glowing miniature of Japan. Another boy grows up and not so quietly in *The Quiet Mother and the*

Noisy Little Boy, by Charlotte Zolotow (Lothrop, \$2.50). Sandy always made a terrible lot of noise but the day he was away from home was too quiet, so he and his mother struck a happy compromise. Kurth Werth gaily illustrates a story full of fun and good sense.

A more serious problem is handled rather nicely in *Big Brother Danny*, by Jean Fiedler (Holiday House, \$1.75). The simple text deals with the feelings of lonesomeness that sometimes come to an older child when a new baby arrives and shows appealingly how one boy got over them.

An outstanding picture book from Switzerland tells in verse about a little girl who rescues a fledgling bird and tries to keep him as a pet. *Florina and the Wild Bird*, by Selina Chötz, illustrated by Alois Carigiet, is translated by Anne and Ian Serraillier (Oxford, \$3).

PICTURES OF THE ANIMAL WORLD

The fascination of the animal world for the young reader gives us as usual a goodly parcel of fine tales. Petunia, Roger Duvoisin's creation, is back again in *Petunia Takes a Trip* (Knopf, \$2). The cheerful and absurd story tells how Petunia reduces her plumpness and gets so exuberant that she flies off to the city. There she seems very little indeed, but after a number of experiences with a policeman and taxi driver, she returns safely home by train.

At very nearly the other size-range of the animal kingdom is the Old Elephant in *Another Day* (Viking, \$1.75). O. E. lets the young boy who is making a trip into the woods call all the animals together and witness their individual special tricks. The young hero's trick is best of all—he could laugh. Marie H. Ets is the author-illustrator.

A dog and a dragon feature in the next two books. Hector, the dog in *Hector and Mr. Murfit*, by Audrey Chalmers (Viking, \$1.75), is the lovable but awkward dog in Mr. M's pet shop. Nobody wants to buy him, so he takes things into his own paws and strikes out for the suburbs. Here he meets a firehouse dog who introduces him to Mrs. Big. Her heart, which fits her name, takes care of most of huge Hector's problems. The dragon is Dexter, who thinks that his accomplishment of blowing out smoke will make him popular with the other animals. They think he is a show-off until he finds that his ability can be turned into a built-in popcorn machine. Jane Thayer wrote *The Popcorn Dragon* (Morrow, \$2) and Jay Hyde Barnum's gay pictures perfectly fit the bright story.

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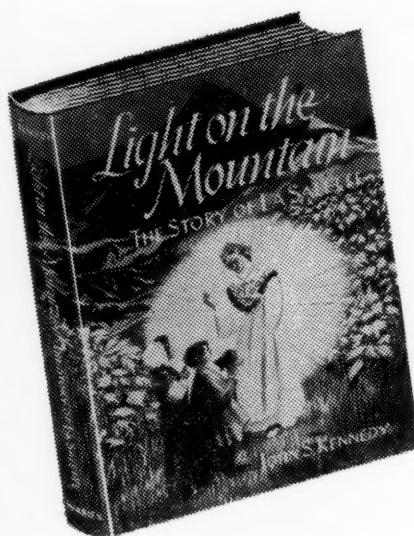
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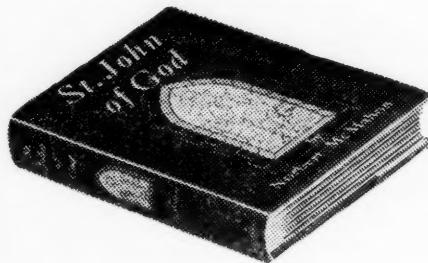
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*A new biography of
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St. John of God



By NORBERT McMAHON. This new life of "the heavenly patron of the sick and dying" captures completely the spirit of a man whose life was brimful of adventure and inspiration. The story of his experiences as a soldier, of the appearance to him of the Blessed Virgin and Child, of his years of devotion to the ill and unfortunate, makes memorable and rewarding reading. \$2.75

Light on the Mountain

The Story of LaSalette

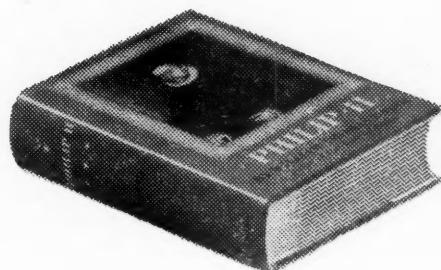
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THE FIRST CATHOLICS

The Acts of the Apostles for Children by Marigold Hunt



This re-telling of Acts provides just enough in the way of background and explanation to make children feel at home with St. Luke, and to enable them really to enjoy the adventures of the Apostles. Children from ten up can read it for themselves, younger ones will like it read to them. The author says she would have liked this book very much when she was young: we suspect she is rather fond of it even now. The Apostles above and below are from the illustrations: there are endpaper maps, too.

\$2.75 at any bookstore



In addition to the usual reviews and extracts from new books, the Christmas TRUMPET contains a Children's Supplement, made up almost entirely of pages from books. We think children will find it amusing, and that it will be a real help in choosing books for them for Christmas. To get both TRUMPET and supplement free & postpaid, write to Agatha MacGill.

**SHEED & WARD
New York 3**

an old formula in *Pitschi* (Harcourt, Brace. \$3), which tells how a little kitten has to learn by a series of experiments ending in a disaster that the feline way of life is best for kittens. Hans Fischer's distinguished pictures match his quaintly flavorful writing.

A simple, straightforward picture book about bears is Inez Hogan's *A Bear Is a Bear* (Dutton. \$2), which tells how the animals travel all over the world to meet others of their kind. It is a good book for reading aloud.

FOR READERS IN THE TYRO GRADE

The books above are picture books. The ones that follow, though lavishly illustrated, make a little demand on the very young reader. One of the best is Lavinia R. Davis' *Danny's Luck* (Doubleday. \$2.50). Danny is a country boy who loves animals but hates bicycles. The suspense builds up as he wonders if his promised present beginning with a B will be a bicycle. It isn't. It's a burro—what he wanted most. School and home atmosphere are fine and Danny is a very real boy. Hildegard Woodward's illustrations blend splendidly into a memorable story. A much more mischievous boy features in *The Training of Toby*, by Gerold Beim (Morrow. \$2). Miss Walker, the teacher, has her hands full with Toby until he meets her own very lively brother. Then he realizes what a classroom-full of such boys must mean to a teacher. Tracy Sugarman's strong drawings leave no doubt of Toby's lovable deviltry.

In *Three Boys and a Tugboat* (Scribner. \$2.25), Nan H. Agle and Ellen Wilson tell how the triplets finally persuade their uncle to let them take their dog along on a working holiday on the boat. The pet causes plenty of trouble but finally enables the boys to discover some missing bears for which there is a reward. Marian Honigman's black-and-white illustrations help make an enticing book.

A pleasant little story of natural and lovable children is contained in *Mr. Grumpy and the Kitten*, by Fleur Conkling (Winston. \$2), which tells how the school janitor's churlishness was mellowed when young Barry persuaded him to shelter the pet. Sir Mortimer, the kitten, so wound himself around the janitor's heartstrings that he decided to keep him for good.

An almost perfect book for small girls is *A Letter for Cathy*, by Kathryn Hite (Abingdon-Cokesbury. \$1.25). Illustrator Corinne Dillon has collaborated well in telling how Cathy wonders why she never gets a letter. When she asks the mailman, he suggests she write one. Pretty soon Aunty Betty's real letter arrives, in answer to Cathy's laborious squiggles.

When seven-year-old Victoria sets out to choose Christmas presents for her five little sisters, she is tempted to spend all her savings on a beautiful doll for herself. But the doll itself and a good deed by a friendly Cub Scout bring about an unexpectedly happy ending. Pamela Bianco tells and illustrates the story in *The Doll in the Window* (Oxford. \$2). Edward Ardizzone spins a story full of humor and drama in *Tim in Danger* (Oxford. \$2). Tim and Charlotte put out to sea on a freighter in search of their runaway friend Ginger, who is rescued and brought safely home.



From *The Doll in the Window*

Following up her success of last year, *A Hole Is to Dig*, Ruth Krauss gives us *A Very Special House* (Harper. \$1.75). It's a house "where you can do all the things you don't do in a regular house." The beds are to bounce on, the walls are to draw on and so on. Delectably funny pictures by Maurice Sendak add to the gaiety.

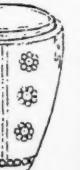
The true spirit of Christmas shines out in Eric P. Kelly's *In Clean Hay* (Macmillan. \$1.25). Four Polish children, jubilant after a fine performance of the traditional Polish Christmas Eve puppet play, come upon a real Christmas Eve scene in a neighbor's stable and discover the deep joy that comes from helping others. The simple and moving tale is enhanced by the four-color illustrations of Maud and Miska Petersham.

Mickey the Angel, by William P. Gillooly (Newman. \$2.50), is a poetically told tale of a young angel who receives as his charge a baby who is to grow up to be the Good Thief. Our Lord in various aspects of His earthly life is seen through the vision of the angel. The story may be a little cute but it is quite touching in its simplicity. The illustrations are by Margaret Ahern.

The old medieval legend is given an unusual and modern twist in *The Juggler of Our Lady*, by Robert O. Blechman (Holt. \$2.50). The rather spidery drawings seem amateurish at first sight, but they really are quite touching and reverent and match the whimsicality of the modernized text.

One of the finest of the season's books is by the veteran Leo Politi. *Mission Bell* (Scribner. \$2.25) tells the story of the establishment of a

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mission in California by Father Serra through the adventures of a little boy who helps him. The author's illustrations of Old California are magnificent.

A most unusual and delightful group of fairy tales is contained in *Cinderella's Mouse and Other Fairy Tales*, by Rosalie K. Fry (Dutton. \$2). The title story is about a mouse who overheard the Cinderella story and dreamed that he might be turned into a coachman or a horse.



From *The Magic Fishbone*

Young girls just beginning to read will be delighted with *The Birthday Story*, by Ruth J. Buntain (Holiday House. \$2). Lucy, new in the neighborhood, knows nobody to play with until she finds a mysterious package with birthday greetings to an unknown person and tries to discover the owner. The big surprise that awaits her is well told by the author and illustrated by Eloise Wilkin. Clare T. Newberry tells, in *Ice Cream for Two* (Harper. \$2.50), how Bruce's artist mother lets her son talk her into taking in a weak little Siamese kitten. Nursed to exuberant health, the kitten indirectly affords mother the chance to find the word that will permit the family to remain in New York.

Cats turn out to be rather the villains in *Jupiter and the Cats*, by Alice Goudey (Scribner. \$2), which is the story of how the dog Jupiter fears for his sanity when he cannot rout the cats who have invaded his domain. In the nick of time a discovery restores Jupiter's mental equilibrium. Paul Brown's illustrations are colorful. Another dog features in *Hurry Home, Candy*, by Meindert de Jong (Harper. \$2.50). The story, which is exciting and tense, tells of a little dog lost in a thunderstorm who, after a year's straying and scrounging, finally finds the right home.

Three books are rather instructive but nevertheless exciting. *Fiddler Crab*, by Mary Adrian (Holiday House. \$2), is an account of the life cycle of one of the small denizens of the shore. It is absorbingly done and the text and pictures (by Jean Martinez) manage to convey something of the vastness and mystery of nature. *Who Gave Us?*, by Madeleine Gekiere (Pantheon. \$3), is a quiz book for the younger set which explains the

origin of common things such as ice cream, the circus and so on. The book would provide good fun for parents and children working at it together. Herbert S. Zim's *What's Inside the Earth?* (Morrow. \$1.75) is a fresh presentation of factual information for young naturalists. It is printed to suit two age levels, in both simpler and more complex text.

A good collection of funny stories for beginning readers is contained in *The Animal Train and Other Stories*, by Catherine Woolley (Morrow. \$2.50), and the style makes it natural for family reading aloud. Robb Beebe furnishes the sublimely ridiculous illustrations.

An event of the season will be the publication, by Vanguard (\$2.50), of a fairy tale by Charles Dickens, *The Magic Fishbone*, with illustrations by Louis Slobodkin. The story of a mythical king and queen and their large family is a delight.

A book that parents will love and children will stampede for is Monroe Leaf's *Reading Can Be Fun* (Lippincott. \$2.25). The author points out in text and lively illustration that there are only twenty-six letters and forty-four sounds into which to combine them. But look what we get from them!—ideas, help in doing things, fictional and real characters and, above all, fun.

Books for the reader who's getting along

The more advanced young reader, from the age, say, of nine to twelve or so, has this year a fine showcase of good books to choose from. This is generally the age group which is taken care of best by authors. Above the age of twelve, or at least when we get into the "young adult" period, reading matter is none too generously available. This is particularly a field which Catholic authors might take under their cultivation.

For the nine-to-twelve group, however, here are some fine books. Joseph Krungold has written a remarkable book in "*... And Now, Miguel*" (Crowell. \$2.75). The young hero belongs to a Spanish-American sheep-raising family in New Mexico. He dreams of joining the older folk when they take the flock to pasture in the mountains, so he prays to the patron saint of the village. His prayer is answered, though he feels for a while that perhaps some celestial trick has been played upon him. The book is notable for deeply moving writing, authenticity and naturalness of detail and excellent family inter-relationship. Jean Charlot's illustrations are worthy of the splendid tale.

As we might expect from Jesse Stuart, there is a wonderfully real atmosphere of the mountain folk in *The Beatinest Boy* (Whittlesey. \$2.25). Young David finds a starving puppy which is welcomed into the home by Grandma and grows into a fine hound. He and David share adventures in the hills and have a wonderful Christmas. There's a lot of wisdom in the book, mainly in the observations of Grandma, and David is a real and lovable boy. The whole story, illustrated by Robert G. Henneberger, sparkles with life.

A powerful story set in Burma is written by Willis Lindquist in *Burma Boy* (Whittlesey. \$2). When Haji had

a misadventure with one of the elephants, he was sent home in disgrace from the teak forest. He dreams of finding the great elephant Madja Koom, which has disappeared and is leading a band of outlaw elephants. The chance finally comes to the young hero, and after a fearful struggle the boy leads Madja Koom home in triumph.

Real character-development is shown in *Rocky's Road*, by Gerrald Beim (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75). The choice before the young man is whether he will make the basketball team—for which he lives and breathes—or spend his free time at the one project in which he knows honestly that he is indispensable—helping the business side of the school paper. How he arrives at his decision is convincingly detailed. Paul Galdoni illustrates the fast-moving story.



From *Beyond the Timberland Trail*

Good action features again in *Arizona Hideout*, by Frances McGuire (Dutton. \$2.50). Two boys spend a vacation on their aunt's citrus farm, where they learn a lot about the lore of the Southwest and the desert country. An overheard remark leads the boys to be instrumental in helping the FBI capture a traitor and the agents of an unfriendly country.

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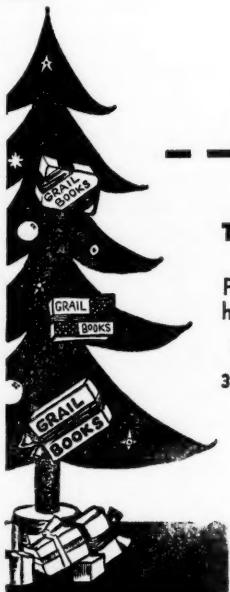
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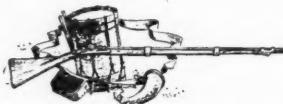
Horses across America, by Jeanne Mellon (Dutton. \$3), takes the young reader across the United States and explains on the way the horses native to the various sections. It is beautifully written and Wesley Dennis' pictures of the horses are excellent.

How Magellan and his men endured misery and faced peril in their first circumnavigation of the world is sweepingly told by Ronald Syme in *Magellan, First around the World* (Morrow. \$2), illustrated by William Stobbs.

Older children who may have still a liking for fairy tales have three fine books for their pleasure in the following. Eleanore M. Jewett's *Which Was Witch?* (Viking. \$2.50) is made up of tales of ghosts and magic from Korea. It incidentally gives a fine picture of Korean character. The second book is *The Oldest Secret*, by Patricia Gordon (Viking. \$2.50), which tells how young Hugh encounters Puck, who leads him through the fairy rings of epics and poetry, through which Shakespeare and Barrie and even St. Francis had passed before him. The last volume is C. S. Lewis' *The Silver Chair*, the third story about the land of Narnia (Macmillan. \$2.75). The two English chil-

dren are called to find the prince. They find him almost without realizing it and recognize him only when the final mystic sign is given.

Two good stories of boys in foreign lands are *Magic Maize*, by Mary and Conrad Buff (Houghton Mifflin. \$3), and *Song of the Honda*, by Rector Lawrence Lee (Little, Brown. \$2.50). The first tells how an Indian boy in Guatemala feared the *gringos*. Their corn, however, grows much better than the native corn and the boy discovers that the white people are not quite the ogres he had thought. The second tale is of a young boy in the Peruvian mountains. He chased bandits and made music but his finest prowess was with the sling-shot (the *honda*). The background color is good.



From *Muskets along the Chickahominy*

Two books on England rather span the centuries. In *Homer Sees the Queen* (Whittlesey. \$2.50), Margaret J. Baker tells of three little girls who take their pet turtle when they go to London on a visit. This very extraordinary turtle climaxes the adventures when he breaks through the crowd to bow before the Queen at her coronation. This leads the little girl to an introduction to the Queen. A young monk, Wilfrid, is the hero in *The Dragon and the Book*, by Christine Price (Longmans, Green. \$2.75). When the marauding Danes descend upon the monastery, Wilfrid manages to escape with a beautiful psalter which he brings after many adventures to Alfred, the King of England. The author's drawings and his prose are lovely.

PERHAPS MORE FOR GIRLS

The following books may appeal to girls of this age group a little more than to boys. Lois Lenski's *Mama Hattie's Girl* (Lippincott. \$3) is a tale to engage sympathy for less privileged youngsters. A little Southern girl comes North, where she runs into problems of adjustment to a strange life. When she returns home she is a little impudent. But she is growing, and the time comes when she realizes and assumes her full responsibility.

Good historical background and a skilful plot characterize *The Wonderful Fashion Doll*, by Laura Bannon (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.25). Debby finds an old letter written by a namesake ancestress when a little girl in New Hampshire. The letter mentions a lovely doll, and as Debby and her mother are to live in the old house for a while, the search begins, to be successfully completed with the aid of a couple of mice. It is an "I" book but Debby speaks very naturally indeed.

Two stories concerning orphans will appeal to the young reader. Frances S. Murphy, in *Ready-Made Family* (Crowell. \$2.50) writes with sympathy and understanding about the worries of insecure children, as she tells how young Hedwig and her brother and little sister are adopted by the Kennedys. The little boy is a special problem but eventually all is solved by the patience of the foster-parents, and all the children come to realize that they are loved.

The second tale deals with a half-orphan, young Susan, who was quite happy in the "home," save for the fact that she was compelled to take cello lessons. When her father comes after a long absence to take her to perform with him on the Chautauqua circuit, she is faced with a big decision but makes a wise choice. The story, *Stars over the Tent*, by Florence Musgrave (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50), is a little sentimental.

A cheerful little girl who is somewhat crippled features in *Bright Summer*, by Ernie Rydberg (Longmans, Green. \$2.50). Her large Mexican-American family surrounds her with a lot of love, but the holiday season gaiety comes from what she learns in a gift from her teacher, a book called *First Lessons in Drawing*, which teaches her to see the beauty in the orange and lemon groves and the joy of the fiesta.

BACK A BIT IN TIME

Three stories that carry us back a bit in history now come along. In *Tree Wagon*, Evelyn S. Lampman (Doubleday. \$2.75) tells a somewhat unusual story of pioneering. Teenie's father was determined on transport-

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By GERTRUDE E. FINNEY.

Illustrated by Arthur Harper. The struggle to win a nation. "... plenty of action, and just enough romantic interest to appeal to teenagers of both sexes."—Charlotte News. Ages 12-16. \$3.00

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By EARL S. COLEMAN. Illus-

trated by Frank J. Murch. A girl wins the approval of her brothers by excelling at the outdoor sports they enjoy and believes the same means can be used to impress others. But it takes the help of a boy she admires to teach her how true friendships are formed. Ages 12-16. \$2.50

BENNETT HIGH

By MARGUERITE DICKSON.

Angelica must attend a high school where the children of immigrants, factory workers and others she considers "undesirable" make up most of the student body and learns a lesson about the foolishness of snobbery. "Excellent home life, well-developed plot, fine boy-girl relationships . . ."—Library Journal. Ages 12-16. \$2.75

GOLDEN SLIPPERS

By LEE WYNNDHAM. Illus-

trated by Vera Bock. Maggie dreams of portraying an exquisite prima ballerina in a ballet movie, but her talent for comedy and mimicry make her perfect for the comedienne role. "An entertaining story, enriched by an excellent theater background and spirited line drawings."—Saturday Review. Ages 12-16. \$2.75

MY SKY IS BLUE

By LOULA GRACE ERDMAN.

A young school teacher who fears life has passed her by finds new happiness and purpose as she teaches in a rural community. "A convincing story of rural life and teaching."—The Horn Book. Ages 12-16.

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DEAR WIFE

By GLADYS MALVERN.

Decorations by Corinne Malvern. "Colonial background and customs well done with the somber notes of war and conflict highlighted by a wholesome love story."—Dallas Times Herald. Ages 12-16. \$3.00

MEETING IN THE MOUNTAINS

By JOHN B. PRESCOTT. Illustrated by Larry Toschik.

"A sensitive and deep narrative . . . Strong drama of basic human feelings . . . clear and high powered insight into pueblo life."—Virginia Kirkus. Ages 10-14. \$2.75

THE DRAGON AND THE BOOK

Written and illustrated by CHRISTINE PRICE. "A historical novel set in the England of King Alfred's time . . . a delight to the young reader who can understand and appreciate the period . . ."—Publishers' Weekly. Ages 10-14. \$2.75

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BRIGHT SUMMER

By ERNIE RYDBERG. Illustrated by Vera Neville. A little Mexican-American girl spends a happy summer in the orange groves of southern California. "Authentic atmosphere."—Virginia Kirkus. Ages 8-12.

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By JAMES WESLEY INGLES, author of *WOMAN OF SAMARIA*. Especially for readers of 11 to 16. A magnificent story of a young Athenian athlete in the Olympic Games of Ancient Greece.

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Bring on the Band

By LLOYD and JUANITA JONES. A 17-year old boy moves into a strange new town, and sees a dream come true as his work in the school band brings him acceptance after a tragic start. Ages 11-16. \$2.50

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By DICK FRIENDLICH. A new kind of sports novel for ages 8-12, with a star football player going out for basketball—and into exciting rivalry and adventure! \$2.50

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By JAMES L. SUMMERS. Teen-age difficulties and triumphs from a new angle—the boy's viewpoint. Both boys and girls will be fascinated.

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ing fruit trees over the Oregon Trail to the Willamette Valley. The little daughter has all sorts of adventures along the trail and gives way to fits of daydreaming about being a heroine. She does grow in the story, but gradually and believably.

Another trek is recorded in *One Hundred White Horses*, by Mildred Lawrence (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50). Following the children's custom of the 1880's, Penny was busy about seeing and "stamping" one hundred white horses, so that she might have her dearest wish. When the family moved from Connecticut to backwoods Florida, white horses were rare indeed, and by the time Penny was in a position to make her wish, something unusual had changed her mind. Good characterization is matched with excellent plotting.

A dangerous journey to the Ohio country in 1791 is recounted by Adele and Cateau de Leeuw in *Hideaway House* (Little, Brown. \$2.75). The reader shares all the perils of the journey and the problem of the family—whether they will be left in peace by the Indians. The character-development is here more important than the action.

A touching science-fiction story for the young reader is told in *The Magic Ball from Mars*, by Carl L. Biemiller (Morrow. \$2.50). When Johnny meets a friendly man from Mars, he is given a strange ball which has powers to excite the interest of the Government and the malevolence of a gang. Johnny is in grave danger, when the man from Mars reappears, punishes the gang and sadly takes his gift back to his own planet. This is one writer of science-fiction who remembers that the universe has an Author.

To write a story on prehistoric man that would read like a mystery tale and appeal to youngsters is quite a feat, but it is achieved by Anne Terry White in *The First Men in the World* (Random House. \$1.50). The author ranges all over the world in writing her tale, which answers such questions as: How did the first men live? How do their tools and skills tell their age?—and so on. The book is not too technical for the age level, and suspense is maintained wonderfully. This is "A World Landmark Book," one of the series about which something may now be in order.

NOTES ON SOME SERIES

This is perhaps the place to mention a number of series of children's books. Random House has "New Landmark Books" at \$1.50 each. The ten new titles this year include, for example, *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo*, *George Washington Carver*, *The Win-*

ter at Valley Forge, *The Barbary Pirates*. The series is generally recommended for everyone from reluctant young readers even up to adults who may like to refresh their knowledge of American history.



The same publishing house has recently inaugurated "World Landmark Books" at \$1.50 each. The text is advertised as suited to the twelve-to-fifteen age group but it is generally quite simple. Of the ten titles published this season three, *The Royal Canadian Mounted Police*, by Richard L. Neuberger, *The Battle of Britain*, by Quentin Reynolds, and *The First Men in the World*, by Anne Terry White (mentioned above), are rated very good. Three more, *Mary Queen of Scots*, by Emily Hahn, *Joan of Arc*, by Nancy Wilson Ross, and *The Adventures and Discoveries of Marco Polo*, by Richard J. Walsh, are rated good.

The third series published by Random House is called "Allabout Books," at \$1.95 each. Three of the current six can be highly commended. They are *All about Radio and Television*, by Jack Gould, *All about Volcanoes and Earthquakes*, by Frederick H.

SOME OF THE BEST

FLORINA AND THE WILD BIRD, by Selina Chötz, p. 202

PITSCHI, by Hans Fischer, p. 204

DANNY'S LUCK, by Lavinia R. Davis, p. 204

MISSION BELL, by Leo Politi, p. 204

NOEL FOR JEANNE-MARIE, by Françoise, p. 202

" . . . AND NOW MIGUEL," by Joseph Krumgold, p. 206

GIRL OF URBINO, by Mary K. Corbett, p. 212

JOURNEY CAKE, HO! by Ruth Sawyer, p. 202

BEATINEST BOY, by Jesse Stuart, p. 206

IN A MIRROR, by Mary Stoltz, p. 212

READING CAN BE FUN, by Munro Leaf, p. 206

THE MAGIC BALL FROM MARS, by Carl L. Biemiller, p. 210

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Pough, and *All about the Weather*, by Ivan Ray Tannehill.

Laura Ingalls Wilder's famous "Little House Books" have all been re-issued with enchanting illustrations by Garth Williams. These favorite stories of an American pioneer family sell at \$2.75 each and are a distinguished

contribution to juvenile literature (Harper).

Other series worthy of mention are "Signature Books" (Grosset & Dunlap, \$1.50), biographies of famous personages, "The Childhood of Famous Americans" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.75) and "First Books" (Watts, \$1.75).

piction that something is odd reaches a climax with the dramatic attack on the headquarters of the Lafitte pirates. Sailing lore and naval action are dramatically handled. Finally, a rather unusual story concerning British clipper ships is told in *The Golden Monkey*, by Frank Knight (St. Martin's Press, \$2.50). When young Johnny sailed to Australia to search for his missing father, a nugget shaped like a monkey was his only clue. Adventures with wind and waves are the main portion of the book, but the doings in Australia have their own appeal as well.

Three sports stories may be mentioned. *Mr. Fullback*, by William Campbell Galt (Dutton, \$2.50), and *Block That Kick*, by Joe Archibald (Macrae Smith, \$2.50), are good stories that underline the idea of cooperation and clean sport. Basketball is the theme of Stephen W. Meader's *Spark Plug of the Hornets* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75), which tells how a young boy whose small size is against him proves that his speed is what's needed in the tight spot. The author paints a good picture of human relationship and the effects of community solidarity.

Books for boys in their 'teens or near it

Older boys have a nice array of adventure stories offered them this season. Some are historical, some of modern flavor, and there is the usual lineup of sports tales.

We might begin with two historical adventure tales. The first is *Muskets along the Chickahominy*, by Gertrude E. Finney (Longmans, Green, \$3). It deals with a young indentured servant in the Virginia Colony and ends with Bacon's Rebellion in 1676. It is a good story of a little-known period, full of action and pleasantly instructive. The second is *The Dragon in New Albion*, by S. H. Paxton (Little, Brown, \$2.75). Sir Francis Drake left some of his followers behind in the New World to claim land on the West Coast for Queen Elizabeth. This story tells how a young man foils an intrigue to seize the treasure hoard on the *Golden Hind*. To do so he has to "desert" to the Indians, and his life and adventures among them make a lively story.

A thrilling adventure of a show-dog who by a freak accident finds himself on his own in the forest is told by Jim Kjelgaard in *Outlaw Red* (Holiday House, \$2.50). How the dog learns to hunt and protect himself and how he and his partner rear their pups makes a fascinating story. Rutherford Montgomery similarly gives the young reader a glimpse into nature through animal eyes in *White Mountaineer* (Little, Brown, \$2.75). This pictures the procession of seasons as lived through by a mountain goat. The courage and resourcefulness of the animal are perhaps the key notes of the story.

THE SEA AND SHIPS; SPORTS

There follow now a selection of books on things nautical. The first is a little technical, being a detailed description of our newest passenger ship. In *Super Liner S.S. United States* (Viking, \$3), Henry Billings gives all sorts of information about this ship and others, about records, disasters and so on. The whole thing is woven into a story which is excellently done.

Fishing and its fun and dangers, including clashes with fishing pirates, is the burden of Jim Kjelgaard's *The*

Spell of the White Sturgeon (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50). There is a great deal of intrigue in the story, which moves along at a rapid pace. *Desperate Voyage*, by R. L. Armstrong (Dutton, \$2.50), deals with a young boy's brush with several gangs of scoundrels after his rescue from a capsized boat. There is a chase through the jungle, a stolen treasure and suspense galore in a good popular tale.

Good historical background features in *Your Orders, Sir*, by Robert DuSoe (Longmans, Green, \$2.50). During the War of 1812 a young master's mate is ordered to pilot a merchant ship through the British blockade to New Orleans. The young man's sus-

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Books for girls in their 'teens or near it

Good historical tales for the older young ladies seem to be somewhat scarce this season, but the two books here recommended can be enthusiastically endorsed. Mary K. Corbett's *Girl of Urbino* (Abelard, \$2.50) is a superior story laid in the time of the Renaissance. It deals with the changes in the life of a young girl when fierce Cesare Borgia captures the city. The girl and her old nurse hide in a secret chamber and are eventually aided by a sympathetic artist named Leonardo da Vinci. The story is colorful with the very spirit of the Renaissance, and the young heroine is one who takes her religion very seriously indeed, though she is by no means a sanctimonious person.

The romantic life story of Elizabeth Barrett Browning is retold in a sympathetic biography in *How Do I Love Thee?*, by Helen E. Waite (Macrae Smith, \$2.50). It will not only make absorbing reading but may serve to awaken an interest in the poetry.

TALES OF TODAY

There is a larger selection of stories in a modern setting. Mary Stoltz has written a superior young-adult novel, *In a Mirror* (Harper, \$2.50), which tells of a sensitive college girl who ambitions writing as a career. Her progress toward maturity is excellently treated in the pages of her own journal, a sensible document, mercifully devoid of the usual teen-age tinsel. How she conquers her personal problem, realizes values and charts her course for the future is exceptionally well-told.

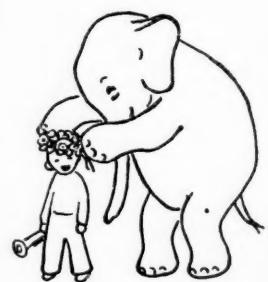
How a young girl tries the wrong way to overcome her shyness is recounted in *Winners, Losers*, by Earle S. Coleman (Longmans, Green, \$2.50). She tries to attract the attention of a young man by her skill in riding and hunting but almost loses everything by being something of a show-off. The romance is quite well-handled.

Angelica has her difficulties in *Bennett High*, by Marguerite Dickson (Longmans, Green, \$2.75), as she has to transfer to a new high school. There she resolves to keep to herself until she realizes that it is a better school. Patience and the understanding of a couple of nice boys help her to solve her problem.

WHAT SHALL I BE?

Careers are to the fore in the following books. *Magic in Her Voice*, by Pauline Panzer (Messner, \$2.50), tells how a retiring young girl uses her one

asset, her lovely speaking voice, to carve out a career in the advertising business. This incidentally leads to an FBI investigation of an advertising racket, and ultimately to romance. B. J. Banfill tells the story of her experiences in nursing the inhabitants of Mutton Bay in *Labrador Nurse* (Macrae Smith, \$2.50). It is an exhilarating record of efficiency, courage, faith and love of people which should be an inspiring story to anyone thinking of the profession.



From Another Day

The story of a pretty, impulsive young teacher is told in *The Twenty-five and Ann*, by Mary Urmston (Doubleday, \$2.50). She starts her teaching career in a pleasant village with a class of lively fifth-graders and a store of bright ideas. She learns to think of the children as individuals and modifies some of her ideas. Sure enough, romance pops up in a story that will pleasantly inspire many a girl who may be looking forward to teaching.

Two good romances by popular authors are *Love, Laurie*, by Betty Cavanna (Westminster, \$2.50), and *County Fair*, by Anne Emery (Macrae Smith, \$2.50). The first deals with a young girl who takes over the responsibility of the home after her mother's death and has to decide between two young men. The second treats the young girl's decision to remain on the farm despite her mother's desires for a musical career for her. There is good farm life atmosphere in the story and some details about the work of the 4-H Clubs.

A good story of modern China and of Communist influence in the schools is told by Alice M. Huggins in *Day of the False Dragon* (Westminster, \$2.50). The young science teacher and her friend, a devoted Christian, try to stand up for their beliefs against all odds. The many trials end in a happy romance. The story may be a little dated, as it's hard to envision such resistance tolerated now in China.

Books for boys and girls in their 'teens or near it

Finally, here are a dozen or so good stories for both older girls and boys. Three historical ones will lead off. Outstandingly original is Robert Lawson's *Mr. Revere and I* (Little, Brown. \$3). This is a spirited tongue-in-cheek account of the early days of the rebellion against King George III. The flavor of the book is perhaps best given by the subtitle: "An account of certain episodes in the career of Paul Revere, Esq., as originally revealed by his horse, Scheherazade, late Pride of His Royal Majesty's 14th Regiment of Foot." The illustrations are wonderfully humorous.

More serious is *The Crystal Cornerstone*, by Lorna Beers (Harper, \$2.50). As a reaction to his self-reproach—he had helped an undisciplined band of Liberty Boys punish a disloyal neighbor—a young man runs off to join Washington's army. There is a great deal of disillusionment for him, but when Washington pleads with the men whose term of service is up, he makes the proper loyal decision.

Marguerite Vance does an excellent job in *The Jacksons of Tennessee* (Dutton. \$2.75). The tragedy that came through the divorce of Rachel

Jackson is well-handled as is the fiery temper of Andrew. The story ends when the husband is left alone to embark on his stormy Presidential career.

CONTEMPORARY STORIES

The modern world is treated in story form in the following books. *Beyond the Timberland Trail*, by Joseph E. Chipperfield (Longmans, Green. \$3), is the story of the offspring of a European shepherd dog that wandered off into the wilds of northwest Canada. Animal lore blends with a rather awe-inspiring description of the country to make a thrilling adventure tale. Somewhat similar is Keith Robertson's *Outlaws of the Sourland* (Viking. \$2.50). This has to do with the efforts and success of a young man in the mountain regions of New Jersey to drive from the hills the pack of wild dogs which has been decimating the sheep. The pack is led by a huge red dog who is part wolf.

Young readers who like a fast-moving tale of espionage and mystery will go for *The Stolen Sphere*, by John Keir Cross (Dutton. \$2.75), the story of a family of trapeze artists who become involved in the theft of a model

of a satellite planet. Characterization is good and the plot intricate. An excellent, above the run-of-the-mill horse story is Nancy Caffrey's *Mig O'the Moor* (Dutton. \$2.50). Beginning in Ireland and shifting to America, the story tells of a young boy, son of a horse trainer, who has to overcome his fear of horses by sheer will power and determination. Learning to ride the mysterious gray stallion, he competes against his father's mount and wins. The atmosphere is very good and the action dynamic.

For the inevitable space fans *Your Trip into Space*, by Lynn Poole (Whittlesey. \$2.50), is recommended. The author is the producer of a Johns Hopkins T-V science review, and he does a very clear-cut job of explaining rocket propulsion, physiological and psychological reactions—everything connected with the near-possibility of extraterrestrial voyages.

A book that defies being pigeonholed is *The Borrowers*, by Mary Norton (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50). An old lady tells about the tiny families who make their home in hidden parts of old houses and are responsible for missing pins, collar-buttons and so on. They are not thieves, of course, for how could they furnish their rooms without the things they "borrow"? The boy in the story brings about a crisis

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Fruits of Contemplation,

written by Victorino Osende, O.P., masterfully explains the meaning of prayer, devotion to Mary, the imitation of Christ, the role of the apostle and many other inspiring truths. The author, long recognized in his native Spain as an authority in spiritual theology is widely experienced in mission work. He writes in a simple vigorous style, presenting the profound truths of mother Church in such a manner that they can be understood by all. \$4.75.

Some Forthcoming Titles

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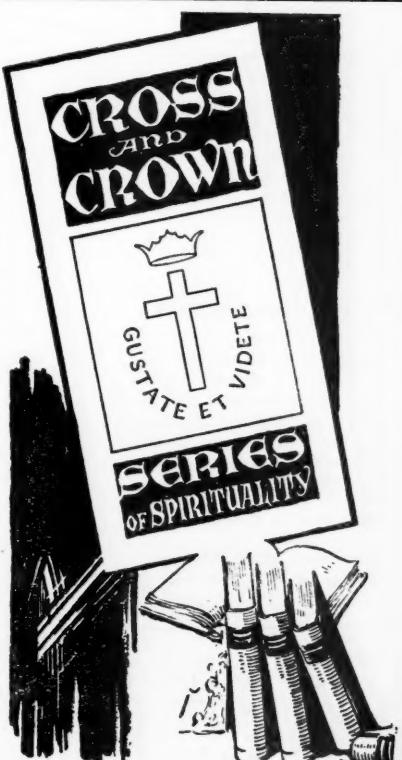
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in the lives of the last two borrowers in the house. The humor of the book is more often adult than not, but it is a unique tale that will appeal to an occasional youngster.

Another series may be mentioned here—"The Young Traveler" series. Each book takes the young traveler through a different country and aims to be a light-hearted, gossipy travelog. The titles appearing thus far cover France, Holland, England and Wales and Sweden. They sell at \$3 each (Dutton) and can be recommended for good armchair travel. H. C. G.

This survey of children's books was made possible by the very generous help given by the following librarians who are experts in children's work: the Misses Josephine Adamo, Naomi Noyes, Agnes Martin, Julia McGraw and Mrs. Eugenia Garson of the N. Y. Public Library; Miss Virginia McBride and Mrs. Kate Boccia of the Brooklyn Public Library; Miss Margaretta Smythe, a Long Island school librarian; and the Misses Ethna and Katherine Sheehan of the Queens Public Library.

THE WORD

"And now, when you see that which the prophet Daniel called the abomination of desolation . . ." (Matt. 24:15; Gospel for 26th Sunday after Pentecost).

On the final Sunday of the liturgical year Holy Mother Church sets before us in the Gospel the final prophecy of Christ our Lord. The dark, somber words of this measured warning sound in our ears once more like the tolling of a deep but muffled bell: does anyone ever forget, once having heard it in childhood, that strange, dreadful phrase, *the abomination of desolation*? The haunting words possess most emphatically the two characteristics which mark this entire prophecy: they are obscure, yet they are ominous.

It is very easy to complain about the obscurity of scriptural prophecy, but it is likewise not terribly perceptive. Any description of a future event may well seem hazy, precisely because the event has not yet taken place. No one ought to be surprised at being unable to see, in his mind's eye, the exact details of a gigantic happening which no one has as yet seen at all, since it has not yet happened. Have we not observed how ultimately un-

convincing are all attempts to picture the actuality of A-day or H-day for America?

There is, moreover, a special reason for the obscurity of this most detailed and elaborate of all Christ's prophecies. Our Saviour is foretelling not one event, but two. He is describing the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the world. He does not distinguish sharply between the two events, which, to His immediate Jewish audience, must have seemed very much alike, anyhow.

A prophecy is neither a timetable nor an extraordinary sort of Baedeker; if it were, it would indeed be a most marvelous timetable and an extremely handy Baedeker, but it wouldn't be an especially good prophecy. The test of prophecy is not clarity, but verity. Almost the whole purpose of prophecies such as this, which our Saviour pronounced three days before His own death, is to sound a warning. Almost the whole usefulness of the warning lies in its very obscurity. There would be little point in our Saviour's repeated exhortations to vigilance if the impending stroke were not to fall, as Christ our Lord succinctly said, at the hour when you least expect it.

The prophecy is ominous. It is neither necessary nor desirable that the ordinary Christian go about like a condemned criminal in a roomy death-house, momentarily expecting what Shakespeare called "the promised horror." In fact, we may freely concede that the early Christians were so impressed with this dread prophecy from their Lord that they grew distinctly pessimistic or optimistic, depending on your point of view, on the subject of the imminence of doomsday. We forget, however, that the early Christians had excellent experimental reason for thinking somewhat vividly about the end of the world: they had actually witnessed the end of Jerusalem. We may therefore briskly remind ourselves that although one-half of the prophecy of Christ remains to be fulfilled, one-half has already come to pass, and resoundingly. Doomsday may not be just around the corner, but it is around. The world may not end tomorrow afternoon, but the world will end.

It might not be out of place to remark in passing that our Saviour's frightening description of the last days ought really to strike our generation with peculiar and particular force. Men have always wondered when and how God would destroy the world. Now that we have discovered how to do the thing ourselves, we need only wonder when God will permit us to set about it.

VINCENT P. McCORRY, S.J.

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MORRY, S.J.

THEATRE

GENTLY DOES IT. Melodrama addicts, this reviewer definitely included, are like gamblers who roll loaded dice or play with marked cards. We want to enjoy the thrill of watching the villain pursue his nefarious schemes while knowing all along that in the end he will be caught in his own trap. We align ourselves on the side of the angels while we get a kick from running with the devil.

Edward Bare, the coldly methodical killer currently operating at The Playhouse, is one of the most satisfying murderers in the recent annals of the theatre. While as thoroughly detestable as Iago, he commands a degree of respect. Refusing the extenuating screen of a Freudian complex, he reduces the motives for crime to two-lust and money, identifying himself as a member of the profit-motive school.

Edward, like Tony Wendice in *Dial M for Murder*, marries a rich woman with the intention of murdering her and inheriting her fortune. Tony, as many theatregoers know, doesn't get away with it. Edward, however, has better luck, or probably only half-better. He accomplishes the murder without being suspected, but a legal technicality prevents him from possessing his wife's wealth.

Edward is not easily discouraged. Believing the old schoolbook adage: if at first you don't succeed, try, try again, he immediately begins to look around for another woman with money and quickly marries her. His second wife, however, is not as trusting as his first. Having earned her money the hard way, she intends to hold on to it as long as she lives and is rather furtive about its disposition when she dies, which she has no intention of doing in the immediate future.

To reveal how Edward fares in his second venture in murder for money would be unfair to Janet Green, the author, and Edward Choate and George Ross, the producers. Directed by Bretaigne Windust, a sextette of stage-wise performers that include Phyllis Povah, Anthony Oliver, Brenda Bruce and Joyce Heron (the latter three imported from England) are convincing in their roles as the killer and his victims. George Jenkins designed and lighted the set in which the action occurs.

Gently Does It may not be as thrilling as old-style crime drama, but it

offers ample compensation in suspense.

A GIRL CAN TELL, presented at the Royale by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers, is another of F. Hugh Herbert's comedies that describe how girls almost go wrong. The cast includes Janet Blair and too many other competent performers for even brief mention near the bottom of my space. Mr. Herbert directed the production and Stewart Chaney designed the fluid settings.

Most recently before his present offering, Mr. Herbert was represented on Broadway by *The Moon is Blue*. This one has an even thinner moral content and is only half as humorous.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

KISS ME, KATE is a lavish MGM Technicolor musical which was put into production at the height of the nervous uncertainty over what shape and dimensions the screen of the immediate future would assume. Consequently it was shot with an eye to keeping its action in the vertical center of the frame so that the film could be cropped for wide-screen projection without chopping off heads or anything else vital. And it was photographed so that it could be shown either in three dimensions or as an old-fashioned "flattie."

In the intervening six months the industry, jolted by the declining box-office receipts on the polaroid-glasses movies, has grown less sanguine about the prospects of 3D. It had reason to welcome MGM's decision to test-run *Kate* in both processes; and if any bets were laid on the outcome, most of the smart money probably favored old-fashioned "flattie."

The results of the test are now in and, as further proof of the public's unpredictability, the three theatres showing the film in 3D did forty per cent better business than the three showing it flat. Had the reverse been true it might have meant the beginning of the end of stereoscopic movies. The actual result is only a straw in the wind indicating 1) that the public's antipathy for three-dimensional films was brought about by their generally abysmal quality rather than by objection to the process itself and 2) that Hollywood must continue for an indefinite period to live with its Number One problem: 3D or not 3D.

My own irrelevant opinion is that



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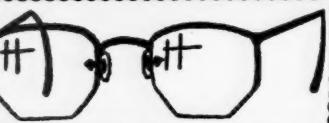
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WRITE FOR BULLETIN A

the illusion of depth adds very little to the enjoyment of *Kiss Me, Kate* or any other movie. Perhaps Ann Miller's skimpy costume and uninhibited dancing look more so in three dimensions. And certainly the director (George Sidney) and the set designers have collaborated to make the most carefully planned and esthetically pleasing use to date of the added dimension. They cannot, however, control the irreducible disadvantages of 3D: the nuisance of the goggles, the consequent fifty-per-cent reduction of light and the tendency of the two images to blur rather than to focus sharply.

The picture itself is a big, brassy, fairly faithful adaptation of the Broadway show, shorn of Cole Porter's most explicit double entendres but still definitely on the sophisticated side. It concerns a divorced and temperamental theatrical couple who feud and eventually become reconciled in the course of appearing in a musical version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Like most musicals with an ambitious plot line, it has trouble fitting the story in between production numbers and is more than a little ragged in all-over effect. When it is good, which is frequently, it displays more quality and high spirits than are common to its genre.

In addition to its excellent score and its literate fun with Shakespeare, it boasts a fairly spirited performance by the usually listless Kathryn Grayson, a surprisingly resourceful one by Howard Keel and some irresistible slapstick nonsense featuring Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore as a pair of comic gangsters.

THE GLASS WEB, another 3D movie which may be shown "flat" at the discretion of the theatre manager, is a more than usually interesting minor "whodunit." Its locale is a TV studio and its particular plot gambit is the re-enactment by a documentary crime program of an unsolved murder of which, as it turns out, some of the production staff have guilty knowledge.

The movie's appeal for adults lies, not so much in the quest for the murderer or in his excessively bizarre unmasking, but rather in its realistic details. Its characters not only act like human beings but also like human beings subject to the particular problems and pressures of putting together a television show. Applying a modest degree of plausibility and the semi-documentary technique to the comparatively fresh background makes an absorbing and even occasionally informative film. John Forsythe and Edward G. Robinson are the chief suspects. (*Universal-International*)

MOIRA WALSH

LETTERS

Sales taxes

EDITOR: We have read with a great deal of interest your Oct. 31 article on sales taxes. It is encouraging to note the views expressed coincide with our own—that such a tax, either at the manufacturer or retailer level, would be highly injurious to the general economy of our country.

J. GORDON DAKINS

Executive Vice President

National Retail Dry Goods

Association

New York, N. Y.

Correction

EDITOR: I have long ceased to expect justice from AMERICA toward anything I write. But I insist upon accuracy [in regard to my book, *Out of These Roots*, reviewed in AMERICA Nov. 7].

Even though you are not willing to concede recognition of long, continuous service mentioned in my book to underprivileged Catholic populations, surely you will agree that I have the right to correct outright distortions of fact. Your critic states that I favor health aid to Catholic parochial schools but "nothing so healthful as school lunches." Yet my book on page 294 states definitely that I am in favor of "health protection including school lunches" for such schools.

(MRS.) AGNES E. MEYER
Washington, D. C.

Morals and policies

EDITOR: Usually we busy ones from the ranks can go to AMERICA to get a correct Catholic opinion on world events, but the tone of Vincent S. Kearney's article, "Whither U. S. policy in the Far East?" (AM. 11/7) is puzzling to me.

Why should it be so difficult for a Catholic to see the correct "Whither?" We are expected to do what is morally right, are we not, regardless of the consequences? Do not our obligations, in this case, lie in keeping faith with Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee and our persecuted fellowmen in China? Every inch we give to the Reds is a defection from the establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth.

Or shall Catholics, too, consider expediency as a possible solution to world problems?

(SR.) MARY LIDWINA, S.S.M.
Marshfield, Wis.

(The above questions are treated in our editorial, "Dilemma in the Far East," p. 193. ED.)